

Children's Newspaper, October 23, 1937

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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GALLANT DOCTOR, GALLANT PATIENT

Heroism Unsurpassed

EPIC OF A SOUTH AFRICAN MINE

WE have all sighed and sorrowed over the heroic death of Porthos, the mightiest of the Three Musketeers, but an authentic story now told in the London Gazette excels the wonder of the immortal tale recorded by Dumas.

It is a story of great peril long protracted, and surmounted by valour, self-sacrifice, and endurance rarely, if ever, surpassed.

The scene was a subterranean gallery of a mine at Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, where, one day this year, a fall of rock imprisoned a miner named Sheasby. To his aid came Dr R. B. Saunders, who found that, although other miners had removed the bulk of the fallen rock, the victim was still fast imprisoned, his left hand entrapped by two massive timbers.

From three o'clock in the afternoon until the next midday the doctor sought not only to release but to comfort and sustain the sufferer. So shallow was the gallery that he could neither stand nor kneel: he had to lie outstretched on the body of the captive man. In this position the doctor's back was in contact with the roof, which had been rendered shaky and insecure by the accident, and with the least disturbance would have fallen in and crushed both the doctor and his patient.

Except for one or two brief intervals when driven to the surface for food, Dr Saunders laboured throughout the first day, all through the night, and on

until half the second day had passed, rendering the victim medical aid, minimising his pain to the greatest extent possible, and inspiring him with courage and fortitude.

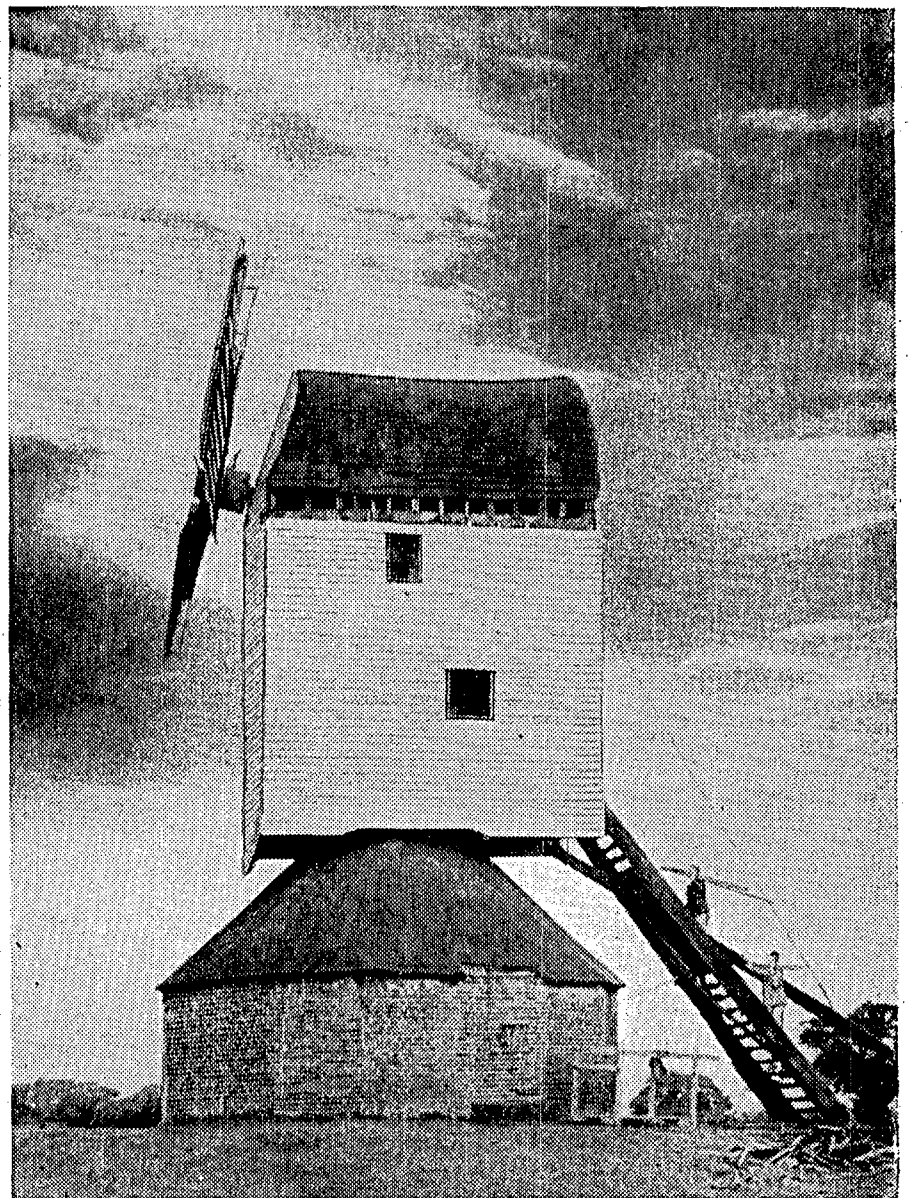
But all his efforts to release the imprisoned hand were fruitless; either amputation must be performed or Sheasby must remain and die. Such was the position of his body, however, that only a left-handed operator could perform the delicate and difficult task. Such a man was found, and under the watchful direction of Dr Saunders he performed the operation and freed the sufferer.

The patient was at last gently removed to the surface, to make a perfect recovery, while the doctor, his good deed done, returned to the quiet round of his daily practice.

But news of this thrilling adventure came home to England and reached the attention of the King, who, expressing the admiration of us all, has signalled his gratification at a magnificent feat of skill and heroism by awarding Dr Saunders the coveted Edward Medal.

Porthos died to crown a marvellous series of adventures in immortal fiction, but here our hero lived victorious, and, as the official comment in the London Gazette records, his great devotion to duty in circumstances of grave danger inspired the injured man with fortitude, and the rescuers with courage and determination.

Saving an Old Landmark



Mountnessing Mill in Essex, which is being renovated as a Coronation memorial

SURPRISE FOR A LONELY SISTER

Joseph Almásy's Good Deed

PEOPLE who after a life of activity have been "put on the shelf" are apt to think that their day of usefulness is over, but Joseph Almásy, a retired Hungarian railwayman, has just achieved something on which he will be able to look back with much more satisfaction than on many years of ticket-punching.

Last May he sat in his little garden in Temesvár (which used to be in Hungary but is now in Rumania) and he read in his evening paper that a man named István Hutzl, a Hungarian like himself, but living in what is now Yugo-Slavia, was seeking news of his sister Elisabeth, of whom he had lost trace 45 years ago, when he himself was five and she barely one year old. They had been orphaned, and his baby sister had been adopted by a railwayman named Ciráky. That was all he knew about her.

Joseph Almásy was a kindly soul, and as he went to bed that night he thought pityingly of those two orphaned children whom fate had so ruthlessly torn asunder, and who, perhaps because of that early separation, had gone through

life with a constant sense of something precious missed. He repeated to himself the names he had read—Hutzl, Ciráky, Elisabeth, and dimly something began to stir in his memory.

Had he not had a colleague once, away down in Oravitza, whose name had been Ciráky? That had been in 1900 or thereabouts. The Cirákys had been his neighbours, and he seemed to remember that they had had a little girl named Elisabeth.

Next morning he wrote a letter to István Hutzl telling him what he knew. The answer came promptly, showing how much the lonely brother's heart was set on the success of his quest. Being a civil servant, István Hutzl was tied to his post for the moment, so he besought his unknown correspondent to follow up the clue in his place.

Almásy might have contented himself with writing to Oravitza, which, as it turned out, would have led him nowhere, but he went himself, and found a few old acquaintances who, like him, remembered the Cirákys but could give

Dumb Friends on the Road

WE are always hearing of road accidents and the terrible price we are paying for speed.

Perhaps we do not always remember that not only is human life daily sacrificed by our craze for travelling like the wind, but that animals and birds are for ever being slaughtered. Our land, once so friendly toward the fur and

feather folk, is becoming more and more dangerous for them. In the days of horse-traffic they could easily escape before oncoming vehicles, but now the car is upon them before they have time to run or fly.

Rear-Admiral C. M. Beadnell, who has been studying the toll of animal life exacted by our modern civilisation, tells us that one animal or bird is killed for every four or five miles of road each day. Of these 81 per cent are birds, 14 per cent rabbits, and 4 per cent hedgehogs.

When we consider how nicely Nature keeps the balance of life, and how much one part of life is dependent on another, we realise that the wholesale killing of birds and animals must have serious results. The number of birds to some extent determines the number of insects, the number of insects determines the abundance of some of our crops, and the abundance of our crops determines the price of bread and potatoes and so affects every one of us.

Continued from the previous column

no information as to their present whereabouts. Finding this way blocked, he returned to Temesvár, and as a forlorn hope applied to the Police Directory. No Cirákys were there, but, strangely enough, he found the name of Elisabeth Hutzl. Full of hope he hastened to the address given, and there, as by a miracle, found the person he sought, a woman living all alone and not aware that she had ever had a brother.

How happy she has been made by this sudden blossoming of unsuspected family ties may be imagined.

FRANCE REACHING STABILITY

Eight Francs For a Shilling

France has been passing through a severe economic crisis, in which we have seen the franc falling to 150 to the £, or about three-halfpence.

The Ministry of M. Chautemps, which took office when M. Blum was defeated, has found it necessary to demand sacrifices from the French workers. M. Blum, intent on keeping together his Popular Front, a parliamentary majority compounded of very varied elements (ranging from Radicals to Socialists and extreme Communists), rapidly passed into law a great social programme including a forty-hour working week.

M. Chautemps took M. Blum into his Government, and the present and late Prime Ministers have agreed that the position needs revision. M. Blum, leader of the Socialists, seems to have persuaded his followers to support M. Chautemps because France is in such grave difficulty. He told them that his social and industrial reforms were based on the expectation of a greater output of wealth by the workers, whereas production actually fell. The Socialists (and with them the Communists), fearing that if the Chautemps Government was defeated a Conservative Government would assume power, have maintained the Popular Front, not so much to support M. Chautemps as to keep out the Conservatives. The Government is thus more stable.

M. Chautemps has also made it plain that no further stay-in strikes will be permitted. These strikes consist in seizing a factory by ceasing work while refusing to leave the works, thus preventing their operation. No sane Government could permit such grave injury to the public welfare.

Well Done, Good and Faithful Servant

Yet one more name must be added to that long roll of those who, having attained half a century or more of faithful service in the quiet places of this world, have crossed the bar, their life's work nobly done.

Albert Fellowes, who had sung in the village choir at Westfield in Sussex for 52 years, and for 40 of them had tended the vicarage garden there, has passed away. This good Sussex Man with the Hoe will sing in church no more.

Long as his record is, it was beaten by a man in the neighbouring church of Battle, in which is a memorial stone of one who probably held the proudest record of service for all England, for he went to Battle Abbey as a boy and was its faithful servant for over 90 years.

All praise to him, and to Albert Fellowes and his kind; in these days, when honest service is not always accorded the honour that is its due, it is good to tell of them. It is good also to recall those lines written long ago for another servant of the parsonage, Robert Herrick's maid, Prudence Baldwin.

But thou, kind Prue, dost with thy fates abide

As well the winter's as the summer's tide;
For which thy love live with thy Master here
Not one but all the seasons of the year.

Parson Herrick also wrote a beautiful epitaph for his faithful Prue, and we should like to suggest that two of the lines,

From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet,

might well be adopted for a memorial to Albert Fellowes, faithful gardener and chorister of Westfield.

THE FAMILY BUDGET

Inquiry That Will Affect Millions

Thirty thousand small households whose incomes do not exceed £250 a year are helping the Ministry of Labour to ascertain how a working family spends its income.

The result is to form a new basis for cost-of-living calculations in relation to earnings, and it will affect the wages of all our working population. The households who consent to fill up the official forms will have a great responsibility, and it is to be hoped they will be accurate and careful. They are to be paid 2s 6d for their trouble, a very trifling payment for a good deal of work.

The forms inquire what the income is, the size of the family, and how the income is spent on rent, rates, food, gas, electricity, coal, clothing, furniture, utensils, amusements, tobacco, and so on.

It is all confidential. No actual form received will ever be published, only the aggregate average result.

Italy and the Mediterranean

During the past few weeks the Spanish complications have not been resolved. On the contrary, there has been growing a fear that Italy, at any rate, has been taking advantage of the Civil War in Spain to add to her strength in the Mediterranean.

In the past the ownership of the Balearic Islands has been an important factor in the control of ships passing through the Mediterranean, and the fact that so many Italian volunteers and war machines are centred in Majorca causes great anxiety in France. Minorca, the second biggest island in the group, might easily become a bone of contention between the two great Powers of the Mediterranean, for France would not now permit Italians, under the cloak of acting for General Franco, to take that island from the Spanish Government.

As we write Signor Mussolini is still delaying his decision on the recall of Italian volunteers from Spain, a recall which both France and this country consider essential for a stable international situation. On their side the Spanish Government has offered to get rid of its International Brigade, so that the Spanish Civil War would, with the absence of other nationals, become purely a domestic struggle to be settled by Spaniards as so many civil wars have been settled in the past.

There are some who think that our Government has adopted too cautious an attitude, but these critical times demand a cool and temperate judgment, ever characteristic of our race.

The Legend of Llandaff

The people of Wales have just been recalling a curious old story.

It is the Llandaff Cathedral legend, which said that when the last of the kings' head blocks on the south wall of the cathedral was completed there would no longer be a king of England.

It happens that the other day the sculptor, Mr W. J. Clarke, put the finishing touches to the head at the end of the row, the head of Edward the Eighth, who, like Oliver Cromwell, wears no crown; but it happens also that the head of George the Sixth is to be carved on the north wall at the eastern end of the building, reminding posterity that, after all, there still is a king of England.

Princess Beatrice has just been presented by the people of the Isle of Wight with a valuable ancient chamber organ to mark her 80th birthday and her 41st year as Governor of the island.

ONE OF KENT'S COAL MEN

Sir John Dewrance

There has lately passed away an engineer who left behind him, after a life of nearly four-score years, a monument more enduring than brass. It is a coalfield.

It is no common coalfield, but one the establishment of which in Kent is perhaps the biggest English achievement of our time. Sir John Dewrance believed in it during the dark days, when the enterprise of seeking coal in East Kent seemed a costly failure, and the money of those who took shares in it was pouring down the boreholes and the shafts, which were as sinks for their money. The invasion of the pit shafts by water completed the comparison. But Sir John Dewrance lived to see the Deal and Walmer Coalfield, the Kent Coal Concessions, and the South-Eastern Coalfield Extension set firmly on their feet, and these companies of which he was a director sending thousands of tons to the surface.

Tilmanstone Colliery

Snowdown, Betteshanger, Chislet, and Tilmanstone are names of pits which are household words in East Kent today; and while their establishment is due to the faith of men like Dewrance the share of another man in justifying it should not be forgotten. This was Richard Tilden Smith, who controlled the last-named pit, Tilmanstone, and who triumphed so successfully over failure after failure that seven years ago Tilmanstone Colliery's output was 350,000 tons a year. That was the year after Tilden Smith died, while vaster improvements and extensions were simmering in his mind.

Men like Sir John Dewrance, the engineering leader and counsellor, and Tilden Smith are the glory of their time, though their names are often apt to be forgotten. But their work remains, and, as the inscription on Sir Christopher Wren's tomb in St Paul's proclaims, if you seek their monument you have only to look about you.

Before many years are gone the Kent pits will be bringing a million tons a year to the surface, out of deposits which are estimated at 6000 million tons.

Robert Dinwiddie and His Town

Virginia, the American State which represents the colony founded by Sir Walter Raleigh, has been honouring the memory of an 18th-century governor, Robert Dinwiddie.

Williamsburg, the chief town of James City County, has been restored as Robert Dinwiddie knew it, and a presentation of his portrait and other relics has been made to the Society, which will preserve it at the William and Mary College, the second oldest educational body in America and proud of a charter dated 1693.

A Scotsman made the gifts—Sir Campbell Stuart, a descendant of the Dinwiddie family, who gave miniatures of the old governor and his family, his official seal, and a copperplate from the foundations of Dinwiddie House.

Sir Campbell, who received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, announced that Sir Harold Harmsworth would be following with gifts commemorating the founder of Virginia, paintings of Raleigh and his wife, Elizabeth Throgmorton, by Marc Gheerardts, the younger.

Robert Dinwiddie was governor from 1751 to 1758, and it is interesting to recall that George Washington was at that time an officer in the British forces, fighting the French, who were trying to prevent the westward expansion of the colony of Virginia.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The Suez Canal traffic for August was the highest ever recorded for that month, 2,937,000 tons.

It is estimated that 1,150,000 tons of apples were gathered during Germany's apple harvest, nearly twice the number of last year.

We are sorry to see that the A.A. is still fixing notices on trees; a correspondent writes to tell us of one at North Waltham, with another motor notice beneath it, spoiling a fine trunk.

While Vivian Rose, a boy of 16, was digging in his garden at Ballarat in Australia he found a bar of gold. Thought to have been buried by a bushranger, or perhaps by a thief, it is valued at £200.

The telephone bell with its jarring note is to be replaced in the New Year by an ideal bell, with a silvery tone, which is guaranteed not to make even the most jumpy subscriber leap from his chair when he hears it.

Battersea Council is to build 22 perambulator garages, to be let at 3d a week.

Waste paper to the amount of 10,000 tons, is collected from Government Departments every year.

Lord Nuffield Gives Oxford a New College

By his gift of £900,000 and a site worth £100,000 for a new college in Oxford University, Lord Nuffield has joined a roll of benefactors which includes kings and queens and many famous bishops.

This new college is to stand on a site in the west end of the city. Modern learning will form the main educational course in this centre, which will be entirely undenominational.

Education Carries On

An epidemic in a number of American towns at the time the new school term was starting not long ago has hastened the coming of lessons by wireless in that country.

Fearing the spread of disease, no schools were opened in these towns, but the lessons were broadcast by wireless to the students, as nearly every American home has a wireless set. This method proved to be very popular with the boys and girls.

This is the first time the regular lessons of entire schools have been broadcast to students at home.

THINGS SEEN

The statue of Earl Haig on his charger riding on a motor-trailer across Westminster Bridge.

A family of five puppies as an exhibit at a Harvest Festival Service.

A liner swung round by the tide crashing into the Tilbury landing-stage.

A five-acre deposit of lime, the waste of a sugar beet factory near Peterborough, being excavated by a steam dredger for use on farms.

THINGS SAID

We should build three or four new towns in or near by the depressed areas.

Mr F. J. Osborn

If we had a plan for London we could in 50 years have a new city.

Mr F. E. Towndrow

It is the Chinese Government that is a menace to the peace of the world.

The Japanese Government

Good writing is essential for an educated person.

Lord Macmillan

One boy in 12 is hit by, or hits, a motor-car, and one in 25 girls.

Chief Education Officer L.C.C.

To live in boxes lifted off the ground, away from contact with the earth, is not the life of a free man.

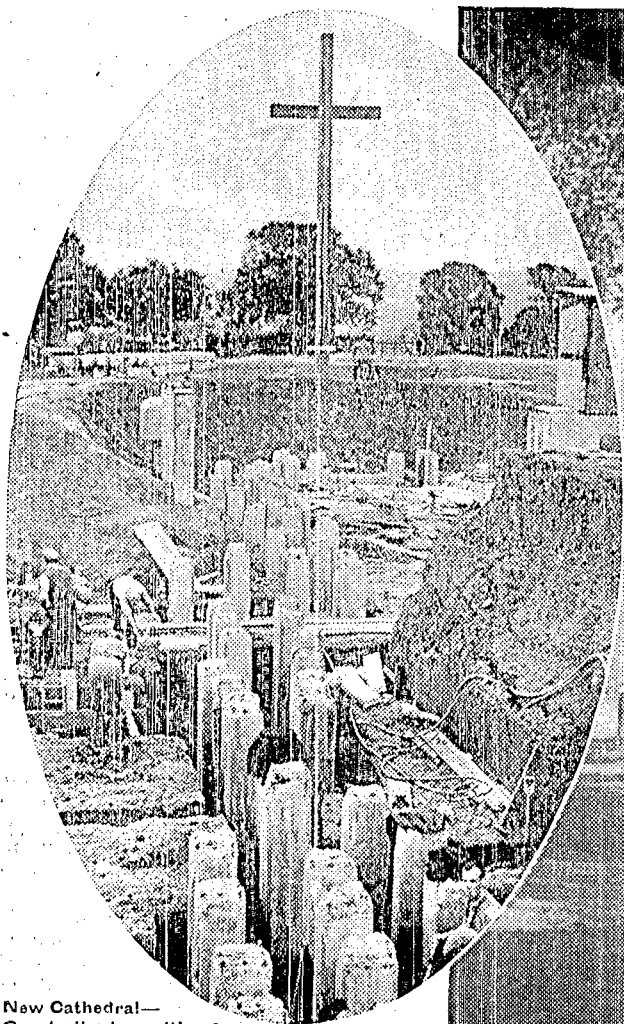
Mr Maxwell Fry

October 23, 1937

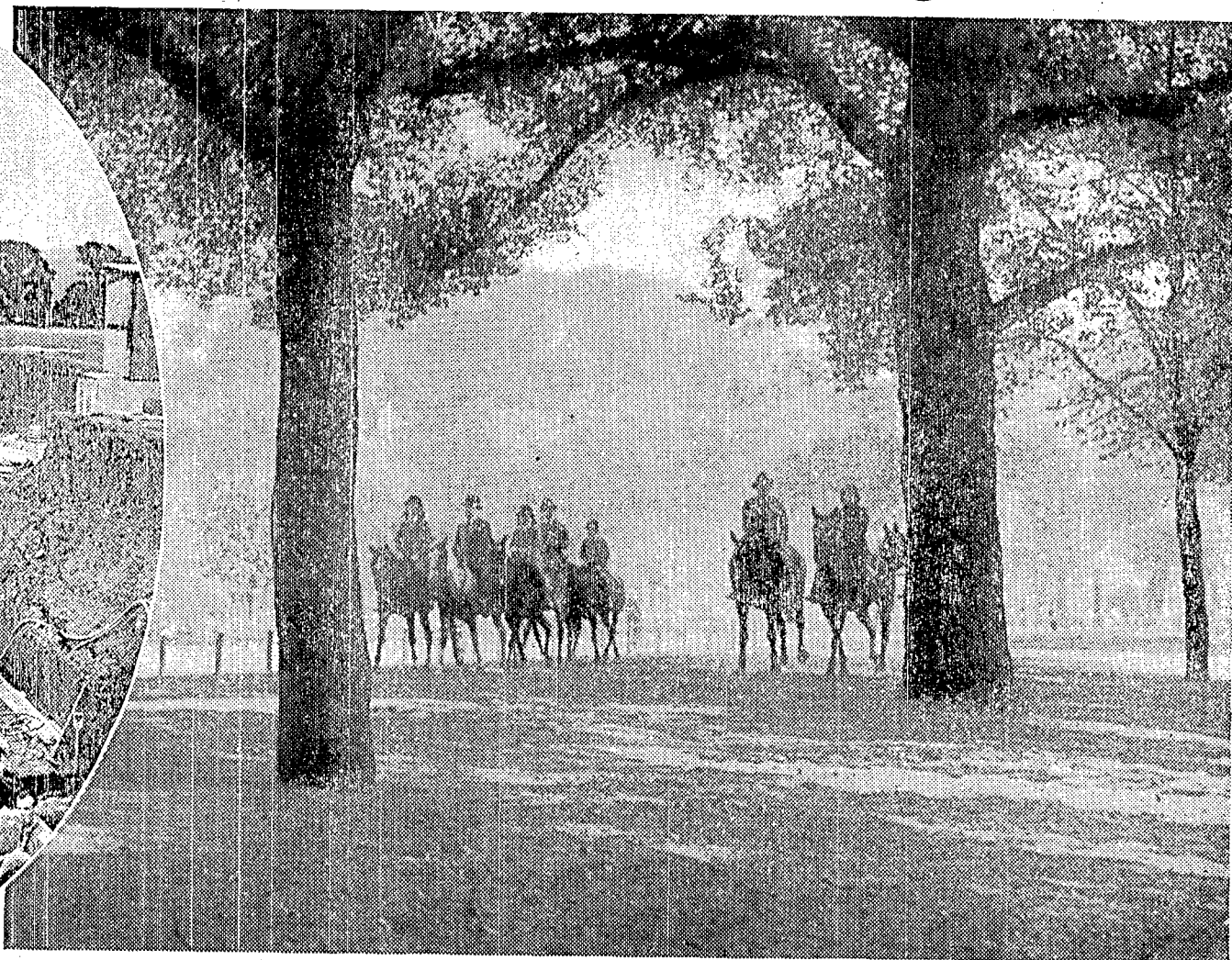
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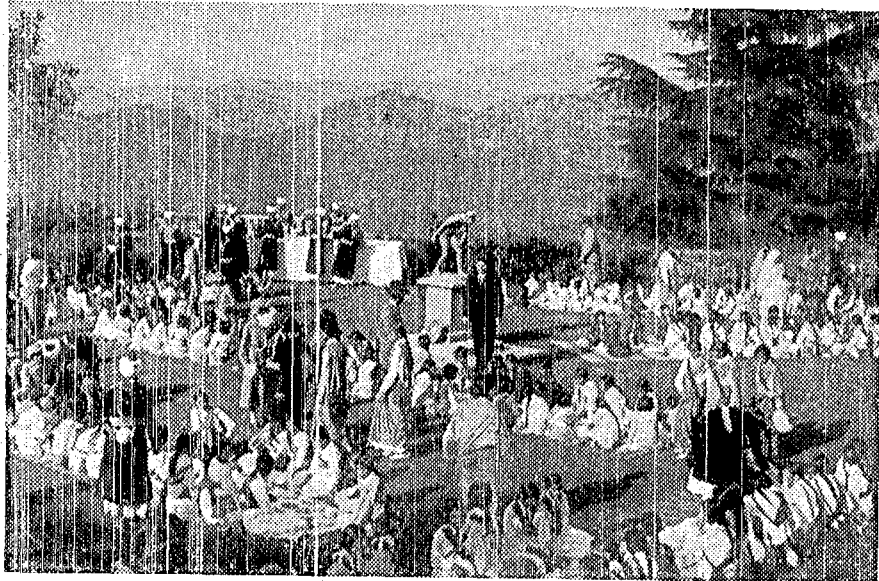
New Cathedral · Riders in the Park · Building a Liner



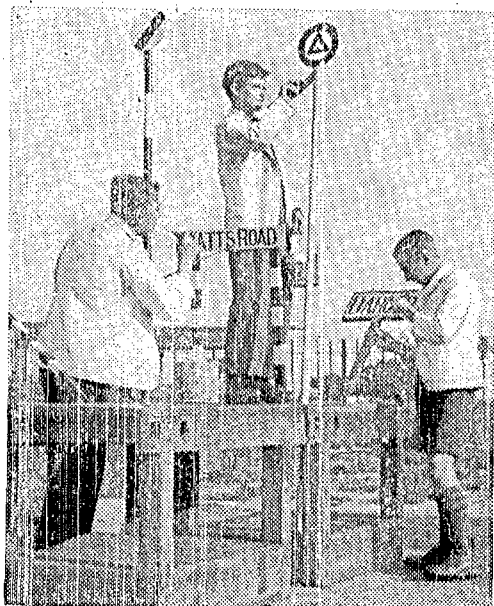
New Cathedral—Great piles in position for the foundations of Guildford's new cathedral



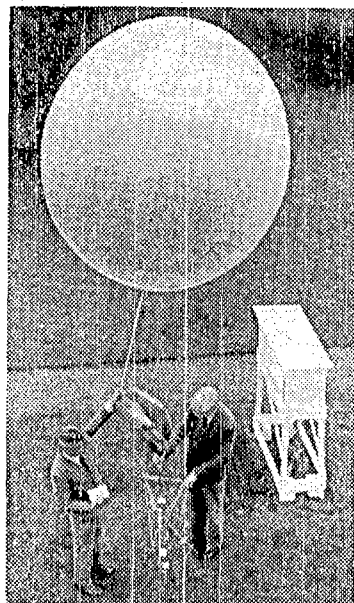
Autumn Scene in London—The trees of Hyde Park make a picturesque setting for these riders in Rotten Row



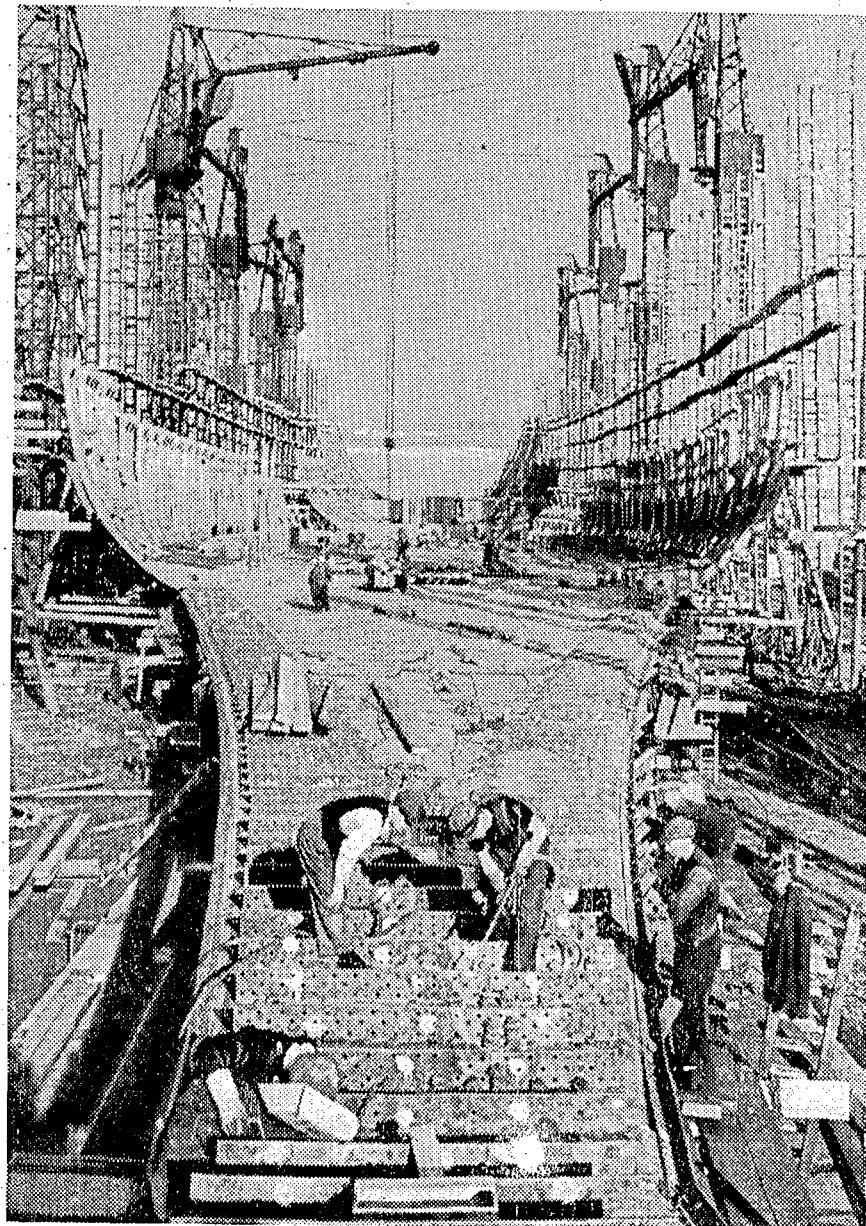
Himalayan Tea Party—Girl Guides of India take tea with Lady Linlithgow at Simla



Safety First—Pupils painting signs for Safety First lessons at the LCC School near Brentwood



Attaching apparatus to a balloon used for atmosphere tests at Kew



Building a Liner—The new Cunard White Star liner number 1029 taking shape at Birkenhead. She will have a tonnage of 32,000

PRICES ARE GOING UP

Dearer Goods Everywhere

Every week we are faced with rising prices at the shops.

Dearer clothes have followed dearer food. Dearer everything is upon us. Much more has now to be paid by manufacturers for their materials, whether metals, wood, fibres, or leather.

Hides, like timber, are now costing about two-thirds more than five or six years ago, and so it is that leather rises in price, and with it the many indispensable articles made of leather. Thus it is with all other goods.

A Vicious Circle

The worst of the price question is its operation as a vicious circle. When prices rise more wages are needed to buy the same quantity of goods, for our real incomes are not expressed in money but in money's worth—what money will buy.

If the shops charge half as much again for goods, half as much money again is needed to buy the same things; a 40-shilling wage must rise to 60 shillings to be the same *real* wage as before the 50 per cent rise in price.

Therefore rising prices always cause a demand for a greater money wage. But when that is paid the producers of goods again raise prices, to recoup themselves for paying higher money wages. So the game goes on, dimly understood by those who play it.

So Comes the Break

When the interplay of price and wage has proceeded for some time a break results. Prices, worked up to a high level, cannot be sustained because no buying adjustments through increasing incomes can be long matched against them. People with fixed incomes have to cut down their purchases. Profits cannot be sustained at a sufficiently high level to meet the payment of wage demands. Salary-earners find themselves unable to obtain any increase to meet their bigger bills; all they can do is to cut down purchases, to go without.

So arrives the *period of going without*, caused by the price boom, and then comes the slump, a general collapse, as after the Great War and again in 1929.

In the long run society will find it necessary to create a system of steady prices, of well-controlled money. The thing would be easier if the nations put their heads together instead of refusing to examine each other's methods in a friendly way. Cooperation in using the world's materials would breed the spirit of mutual help and banish war by healthy rivalry in the arts of peace.

The Bus Illustration

It is useless for workmen to strike for better conditions if the profits do not exist to pay them, for strikers in such a case merely injure themselves. In London the busmen, by their recent strike, taught great numbers of people to go without bus rides; and the Transport Board's receipts have fallen heavily. Suppose the busmen ask for £5 a week, and profits do not exist to pay such a wage, the Board could pay it only by putting up fares. But if fares were raised still more passengers would walk or cycle, and either the Board's finances would collapse or buses would be cancelled and busmen would be dismissed because they were not wanted.

So when a slump comes unemployment rapidly increases and wages fall.

These are serious issues, and we should all give them earnest thought.

Argentina's Penny Post

Argentina has had the wisdom to reduce the postage for an ordinary letter from twopence to a penny. As a result the number of letters transmitted through the Buenos Aires post office in the first half of 1937 increased by 62 per cent.

Hunting the Great Auk

AN ADVENTURE ON FUNK ISLAND

TWO AMERICAN boys, Sam George and Ted Gilliard, have lately come back from a summer trip to Funk Island.

This oddly-named spot is the last place, or one of them, where the Great Auk was seen alive. Its cemetery is here, a place of dry bones, some of them belonging to the Great Auk, before the Newfoundland fishermen had exterminated the last survivors of the race. The famous bird, in habit like the penguin, was a magnificent swimmer under water, but on land its walk was a slow waddle, and the fishermen had no difficulty in clubbing it for food.

Since the last Great Auk gave up its life there this island in the Arctic Circle has had a bad name. Native fishers will not go near it; and the Newfoundland fishermen avoid it for the simpler reason that it is dangerous of approach, a strip of land in icy waters, storm-swept and often hidden by fogs. It offers so little to land for that the skipper of the Newfoundland fishing smack on which the boys had secured a passage would hardly consent to land them, and then only for a few hours.

They made good use of their time, and found that the island, said to have been deserted even by sea-birds, was the home of innumerable gannets, puffins, kittiwakes, and razor-billed auks. But it was not these they had come to see. They were intent on discovering any relics of the Great Auk; and in the very place where these poor birds perished they found the ground thick with bones.

Searching among them feverishly, but with knowledge, they collected a bagful of leg bones, wing bones, vertebrae, and ribs of birds; but while the precious minutes were slipping by no skulls appeared of the extinct Great Auk. Then at the very last, while the skipper of the smack was signalling to them that he was going off, they came on two skulls.

It was to them as if they had found the Koh-i-noor. They got on board again with their prize, and before the bewildered eyes of the skipper and his crew sorted out their finds. In the end they were able to put together a complete skeleton, and this will in due time be one of the exhibits of the American Natural History Museum in its Bird Gallery.

Yorkshire Children to the Rescue

AMONG the sad sights of our cities and villages are untidy churchyards.

A neglected churchyard in the country is always a blot on the landscape, and a neglected churchyard in a great city is one of the most pitiful sights of all. We know scores of them as depressing as war-stricken areas, places where the dead are unhonoured and unremembered.

We hear that at last one churchyard in Leeds is now being cared for, and that in a neighbourhood which has no beauty of its own a new loveliness is springing up. It is the churchyard of St Mary at Quarry Hill, and we think the success which has been achieved may well inspire others to attempt what has so often seemed impossible.

The congregation of St Mary's is heavily involved in expenses for the restoration of the church and hall, and anything in the nature of a churchyard endowment fund is quite out of the question. But at the Harvest Festival last year a plate was placed near the church door, and people were asked to make an offering for the churchyard fund. The money received was sufficient

to buy thousands of bulbs, which were sold to the children at two for a penny.

The children then planted them in the churchyard, and the result has been a new interest in God's Acre. Instead of playing among the graves and even stealing its flowers, the children have begun to take a pride in their own garden. With the seeds a friend gave, and some perennial plants, and the help of the vergers, the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides have been able to make a great show of colour. All through the long evenings, and on their days off from school, boys and girls have been giving up their free time to work in the churchyard. They have made the wilderness to blossom as the rose.

Some rare ursinias and buddleias have done well; and, though there are dull houses on every side, St Mary's churchyard had Tortoiseshell butterflies among its flowers last month. The vicar believes the flowers and bushes are attracting the birds, so that perhaps another spring will bring not only colour to this drab corner of Leeds, but the sound of singing birds.

Never Mind Me, There Are Others

ANOTHER hero of the North Sea has been added to the illustrious roll of those who have gone down to the sea in ships.

He is Captain John Olsen, master of a small Sunderland cargo steamer, hero of a drama off the coast of Aberdeen.

His ship, laden with railway sleepers and ploughing through a heavy sea, was making for Sunderland when part of her cargo went adrift. Without warning she turned turtle, flinging the captain and his crew of five into the water. It all happened in a black moment long before dawn, and of the six men only one was rescued.

He was Captain Olsen himself, who clung to a floating beam. He held on when his muscles seemed to be cracking under the strain, and his limbs were cramped with cold. Tossed about by the waves, he hoped against hope till a miracle happened at last.

The Aberdeen trawler Ocean Princess was steering for the Faroes when she crashed among floating wreckage. Had she been a few yards to left or right she would have gone on her way without knowing anything of the tragedy which had occurred, but as it happened she

came upon the planks and beams, and in the darkness her searchlight picked out a faint glitter. It was the peak of the captain's cap.

Seaman James Innes of Aberdeen jumped overboard to the rescue of the almost exhausted captain, and his courage shines out all the more when we remember that there was a high sea running and that floating beams were being tossed about on every side, all capable of severely injuring him. But the truly memorable thing is that as soon as he reached Captain Olsen, who had been in the water for five hours, the captain whispered, *Never mind me; there are five others.*

Unhappily, the five were beyond aid; but is not their captain's thought for them something which stirs us all, recalling Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen?

Be Just

To administer justice as indifferently as the herring backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish.

That is the Deemster's oath to be taken by Mr J. W. Morris, K. C., when he takes his seat as Judge of Appeal in the Isle of Man.

A CONQUEROR OF DISEASE

What Yorkshire Has Done

SIR ALMROTH WRIGHT

The name of one of the greatest benefactors of our generation has been in the papers, recording the recovery from pneumonia of Sir Almroth Wright. At 76 he is still one of the most distinguished of living scientists.

For the past 35 years Sir Almroth has been working in the laboratories of St Mary's Hospital, Paddington, discovering and perfecting defences against the disease germs which take such a heavy toll in life and happiness. He is the inventor of a vaccine treatment which can be used in every disease of which the germ is known, and can be grown outside the body.

Master of the Microbe

Speaking generally, there are only three causes of death—violence, germs, and natural decay of vital organs due to age. A glance at the ages on the memorials in any place of burial shows that the great majority of those who passed on before this century dawned did not complete the natural span of life. Microbes had mastered them.

Man is today rapidly becoming master of the microbe, and it is Sir Almroth Wright, as much as anyone, who has shown him how to overcome it.

Son of a scholarly Yorkshire parson, Almroth Wright taught the science of disease and the human body at Cambridge and Sydney until in 1892 he was appointed professor of pathology at the Army Medical School, Netley. There he tackled the problem of typhoid fever, the scourge of soldiers on active service. What Pasteur did for rabies Sir Almroth did for typhoid, producing a remarkable reduction in the deaths from this cause in the British Army. All civilised nations have adopted his preventive methods, and the immunity from disease in the War was largely due to them.

The Opsonic Index

It was his study of the blood which led to the new treatment. He showed that in the blood there is a substance called opsonin which attacks disease germs and enables them to become the food of the white cells which the body produces as its defenders against invading microbes. He then devised a method of finding out and measuring what is called the opsonic content of a patient's blood, for on its strength or weakness recovery depended. This opsonic index was obtained by counting under a microscope the number of germs devoured by a given number of white cells.

Further, Sir Almroth discovered that it is possible to stimulate the production of opsonin in a patient's blood by the introduction into it of dead and sterilised microbes of the disease, for the white cells prey on these dead organisms, while the living tissues of the body produce an increased amount of opsonin which attacks the living microbes, the result being that the defence is so strengthened that the patient recovers.

The Right Dose

The famous Dr Koch, the German bacteriologist, had tried something of this kind in fighting the germ of tuberculosis, but his vaccines proved worse than useless. The doses he gave were too big, whereas by means of the index system the Englishman was able to tell the right dose for each patient, and so enable the body to cure itself even in this terrible disease.

The method can be used for any disease caused by a known germ, and when the germ is discovered, as in whooping-cough, by Jules Bordet, Sir Almroth and his wonderful staff at St Mary's will soon find its antidote.

ACRES FOR EVER GREEN

Those who know the lovely Surrey chalk area of Coulsdon and Purley will delight in the local council's scheme which has raised the district's contribution to London's Green Belt to no less than 865 acres, or nearly a square mile and a half.

Memorial oaks and beeches have been planted, the Coulsdon golf course saved, and much beauty preserved for ever. Perhaps we may be allowed to plead for the planting of yew, which thrives so well at Merstham and adds such loveliness to the winter scene in a chalk district such as this.

£10,000 FOR NANNIE

Another Nannie has been rewarded for faithful service. She is Carolis Appu, a native of Ceylon, and now that Mrs Alice Black has passed on her old nurse for 40 years has received a legacy of £10,000.

THE CHILDREN'S BEACH

The Children's Beach by the Tower has had another splendid season, and is now closed until next summer.

This fine, clean stretch of 600 tons of sand, 1000 feet long by 50 feet wide, has attracted 344,683 people since 1934. During the August holidays alone it had 40,265 visitors. It has been a wonderful playground for children from the poorer districts of London, many of whom had never seen sand before.

HE DARED TO BEGIN

Hemingby is a mile or two from Horncastle in Lincolnshire. A small place, it has a church with a tower which was long in need of repair, but there was little money to spare, for most of the people nearby were farm labourers, and the vicar (Rev W. H. Isaacs) knew they could not afford to pay for all the work to be done.

So he and a friend erected scaffolding round the old tower. They worked day after day, taking out worn stones and pointing up the cracks; but after three months the vicar died, and for a time work came to a standstill.

It was not for long, however. The vicar's fine spirit was a challenge to others, and the work he had begun was carried on by the parishioners. Now it has been completed as a worthy and lasting memorial to a dauntless pioneer.

LIKE HIS FATHER

Nine years ago Mr John MacDonald of Portbeg, near Oban, dived into the sea and saved a little girl from drowning, an act of bravery for which he received the parchment and medal of the Royal Humane Society. A few days ago his son Donald, who is 15, jumped into the sea and rescued another girl. He, too, is to receive the parchment and medal.

OUR 100 MILE-A-MINUTE EXPRESSES

Our railway companies announce with pride that this winter they are increasing their mile-a-minute express trains to a hundred, as compared with 64. A mile a minute is 88 feet a second.

To make an average 60 miles an hour a much greater speed has to be accomplished on many stretches of the lines. No doubt even faster trains would be ours if our island were not so small that an express train has to have regard, so to speak, to running over the rim!

TELEPHONES BY THE MILLION

So rapidly are we developing the service that within a week or two the three-millionth telephone will be in use in this country.

Over 42 years went by before the millionth telephone was installed, but the second million was reached in nine years, and during the past six years the progress has been such that we are about to celebrate the installation of Number 3,000,000, while the Post Office expects that a million more will be in use before the end of 1942.

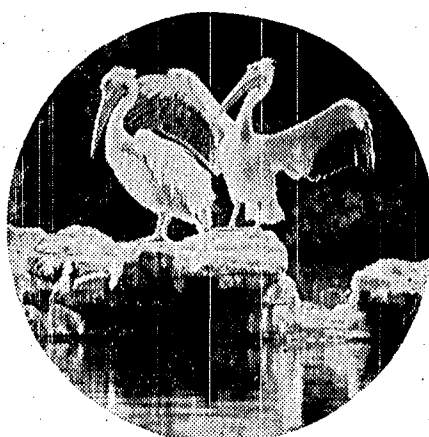
The Coast is Losing its Birds

THERE is an alarming decrease in the number of birds round our coasts, not so much among gulls and their tribe as among the various species of wild duck and their kin.

The mystery applies not only to Great Britain but to Europe as a whole, and an international inquiry into the causes is to be held in Berlin.

There seems to be a rise and fall from year to year in the harvests of sea grasses which form part of the food of these birds, and a map of the sea gardens round our coasts has been prepared by the Natural History Museum as a possible aid to the inquiry.

Suspicion rests, however, not so much on Nature, but on man himself, for inquiry is to be made into the work of the duck decoys in use. These are cunning contrivances of netted tunnels with a stream running through them to which birds are lured and then caught.



Pelicans in St James's Park, London

A NORMAN MANOR HALL

An important discovery has been made at Burton Agnes Hall in Yorkshire.

Built about the end of Elizabeth's day, the hall is one of the noblest of the stately homes of England, its brick walls, its many windows, and its remarkable gateway of four towers giving it great dignity and charm.

It is now established that the 16th century house is linked with one going back to Norman times, for in the courtyard is a disused building which has been proved to be part of the Norman manor hall, one of very few of its kind left in our land. The National Trust is prepared to accept custodianship of the building if funds can be raised to put it in good repair.

SPEED AND SAFETY

The British Road Federation, in urging the Government to adopt the German and Italian system of special national motor-roads, from which all other traffic is barred, says it is convinced that we should follow the Continental example. It states that on the German motor-roads accidents have been reduced by five-sixths although speeds have increased by 40 per cent.

It is possible that the thinning-out of these splendid birds will be found to have nothing to do with the varying crops of sea grasses; the birds find immense stores of food on the shore between tides apart from marine vegetation. It may be that, as usual, the chief culprit is the man with the gun. For the shooting of wild ducks men go out in long, low boats with a special type of gun, mounted like a tiny cannon in the boat itself. Concealed in various cunning ways from the unsuspecting birds, the boat floats to within range, and then with a tremendous spreading discharge from the gun slays incredibly among the massed flocks.

So it may be found that it is not the decoys but the records of the bags of our sportsmen which must be searched for the explanation of the mystery now engaging the attention of European naturalists.

A TRIFLE OF £60,000,000

In the trade slump the Unemployment Fund accumulated a big debt because it had to pay out in benefit more than it received in weekly contributions.

Now we have the cheery news that this year the Fund is paying out £60,000,000 less than it receives in contributions. Some of the surplus will be used to give bigger benefits, but regard must be paid to the possibility of coming leaner years.

RAT WEEK IS COMING

National Rat Week is near at hand; the Ministry of Agriculture reminds us that this year it begins on November 1.

We are not proud of our great rat population and must reduce it. Now is the time for all good citizens to remember the first of November and to obey the Rats and Mice Destruction Act of 1919, requiring every occupier of land to destroy his rats or mice.

All determined people should write to the Ministry of Agriculture for a free pamphlet making simple suggestions for rat destruction and a list of firms from whom poisons are obtainable.

ENQUIRE WITHIN ON EVERYTHING

Do you know why Hitler is called the Fuehrer, and Kemal Pasha Attaturk?

Do you know how Big Ben got its name, or whether a whale can drown?

There are thousands of everyday questions for which the answers cannot be found easily, if at all, in ordinary encyclopedias or dictionaries. Everybody's Enquire Within is a new work which will supply these answers. It is a key to ten thousand questions and a hundred thousand facts, and much of the information is made clear with pictures.

This mine of information can be yours for a penny a day, for the work is being issued in weekly parts at 7d. The first two parts are now ready, and with each of these (and also with Part 3) is given a splendid booklet dealing with the triumph of speed.

Sounding the Alarm

ROBERT CULVER PATTERSON is four years old, and he lives in Scottsbluff, Nebraska.

Robert comes from hardy pioneer stock and likes to wander far afield in search of new scenes and places. He travels on a small tricycle, and when he really gets going he is apt to forget such commonplace things as dinner and bedtime. Young Robert was so often late that something had to be done about it.

His parents discussed the advisability of fitting a wrist-watch or something of that kind to the young man's tricycle, but the fact that Robert's imagination

enabled him to see lots of things on the watch face except the time rather spoiled that plan. Finally, Patterson Senior had a brilliant idea. He got a small alarm clock and fitted it to his son's tricycle, under the seat where it could not come to any harm.

Now when Robert goes out on an exploring expedition his mother sets the alarm. The first time it went off with a loud B-r-r-r-r-ing! Robert nearly jumped out of his skin. Then he remembered, and pedalled home.

He still explores, but his journeyings automatically end when the alarm under his seat gives him the warning.

THE PEAL OF TINY BELLS

A bell-founder near Munich is said to have invented a new peal of bells.

He is Herr Oberascher, and has constructed a peal of tiny bells in the shape of tubes which are less than a fortieth of an inch thick and only about 18 inches long. The tubes are struck with a small hammer, and the peal weighs no more than five pounds. By means of an electric amplifier the tone can be magnified to represent a peal of bells weighing 15 tons.

We may wonder if the days of the old bell are nearly done. There was a time when the bell-ringers rang the bells till they rocked the steeple, but it looks now as if before long our church bells will be no more than a few tubes tinkling in a wooden box, their music magnified till it flies from hill to hill.

THE OLD VILLAGE CLOCK

The Vicar of Little Missenden in Buckinghamshire has found four scratch dials in 24 hours.

While preparing for the restoration of the baptistry window in his church he came upon one dial after another, three inside and one outside the church.

In his Enchanted Land, the introduction to the King's England books, Arthur Mee tells us of these old clocks we may find on our church walls. Ages ago they were the only clocks the people had for telling them first the time of Mass and then the time of day.

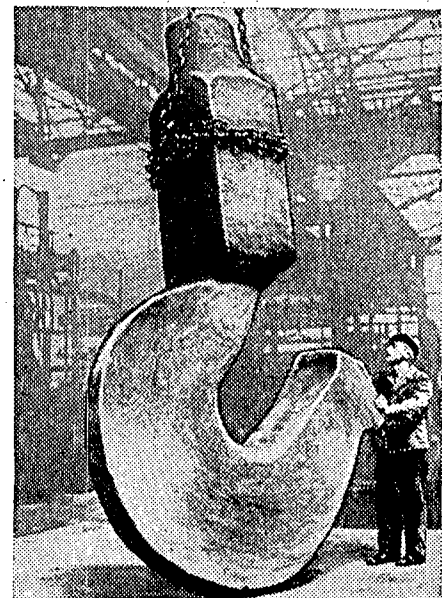
THE BLIND SINGER

Miss Eleanor Skidmore, of Burnley in Lancashire, has just won her 16th prize at various music festivals.

She is a soprano, well known round her home town for her beautiful singing in oratorio. She received great applause when she won first prize at Wallasey. She is blind and learns the words she has to sing by Braille.

NINE TIMES TORPEDOED

Captain William Black has sailed into port at 62 after a life on the ocean wave. It was he who brought the first contingent of American troops across the Atlantic in the war years, and among the many narrow escapes he had about that time was a voyage to Gibraltar, in which he was torpedoed nine times.



A seven-ton crane hook at Krupps

THE CHILDREN'S VC

George Evans, VC, has run his course at 61.

In 1915 he joined a Manchester regiment, and a year later won the Victoria Cross for gallantry at Guillemont, where he volunteered to take an important message after five runners had been killed in attempting to do so. What he had to do was to cover 700 yards under enemy observation, raked from end to end with machine-gun fire. He made the attempt, was wounded on the way, but succeeded in delivering his message. He was taken prisoner some hours after.

Here at home George Evans, who was for 27 years an inspector for the NSPCC, was known everywhere as the Children's VC.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 23 1937



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter, House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

Sursum Corda

SURSUM CORDA—*Lift up your hearts.* It has been wonderful to see the way in which the heart of the great democracies of the world has been lifted up by a voice from the greatest peace-loving nation of freemen upon the earth. President Roosevelt has blown a trumpet which gives new hope to the democratic nations.

The reign of terror and lawlessness, said Mr Roosevelt, has reached the stage where the very foundations of civilisation are seriously threatened. Without any declaration of war, without warning or justification of any kind, men, women, and children are being murdered with bombs from the air. Peaceful ships are being sunk by submarines, innocent peoples are being cruelly sacrificed to the greed for power without sense of justice or humanity. Nations claiming freedom for themselves deny it to others, and are taking sides in civil war in countries that have never done them any harm.

What is to be done? asks the President; and he answers that those who cherish their freedom and respect the equal right of their neighbours to be free to live in peace must work together for the triumph of law and morality in order that peace, justice, and confidence may prevail in the world. There must be a return to belief in the pledged word and the signed treaty. There must be a recognition of the fact that national morality is as vital as private morality. If international anarchy spreads, says Mr Roosevelt, it will destroy every foundation for peace. It is impossible for any nation to isolate itself from the troubles that fall upon the world. War is contagious.

If civilisation is to survive, said the President, the principles of the Prince of Peace must be restored. The peace-loving nations must express themselves and must take positive action to preserve peace, for the situation has become of universal concern.

It is like President Wilson again, and the widespread response of the American people to their President's trumpet call has been one of the most encouraging experiences the free nations of Europe have had for many years. It means that the overwhelming power of the world is on the side of freedom, and that something will be done to organise it if the Dictators will allow them time. *The freedom and the security of 90 per cent of the population of the world is being jeopardised by 10 per cent.* Those are Mr Roosevelt's words, and it cannot be that the 90 per cent will be beaten by the 10 per cent.

Advertising on the Pyramids?

AFTER seeing the gigantic boardings that have sprung up on the Sidcup arterial road of late we can even believe the absurd report that the Egyptian Minister of the Interior has announced that electric advertising space is to be let on the Pyramids.

We must all hope this is not true, however, or that if true the ghost of Cheops will visit the transgressor with punishments befitting the crime. Cheops died some 7000 years ago, but that is no reason why his tomb should be advertising some ridiculous thing of the 20th century.

Why There At All?

THE main point about the Far Eastern question should not be lost sight of.

It is that *Japan has no right to have a single soldier on Chinese soil.* It is useless for her to urge that the Chinese have "provoked" her; the Chinese have the natural right to resent the Japanese invasion and to resist it by every means.

The Japanese say that in China they have bombed only military objectives and that any killing of civilians was accidental; but they had no right to be bombing objectives of any sort in China. It is sheer impudence for Japan to assert that she is anxious for peaceful cooperation but that China resists her by arms.

The Chinese were a civilised people when the Japanese were barbarians. Japan owes to China even the art of writing. For Japan to invade China is to ill requite her ancient debt.

Moving Mountains

LONG ago Mohammed commanded a mountain to come to him.

Now we hear of an American advertiser who declares that *The Alps move right into your kitchen when you taste this gorgeous Swiss cheese.*

The Unsaleable Houses

MANY people will agree with the architect quoted in the CN the other day on the "low level of modern architecture." It is well that one of the great profession should protest against the concrete boxes with which the streets of our cities are being lined.

The fact is that what may be called the Tee-square architecture is a refuge for poor designers. Every problem is solved for them by ruling straight lines up and down, right and left. You take a tee-square and set-square, and the "design" appears without effort and without brain.

We feel rather sorry for those who are induced to buy what are called modern houses. In a few years they will be unsaleable as relics of a period of restless change.

The Young Idea

WE heard the other day of a little girl of five who looked severely at her father when he came from the garden in his muddy boots. "When I get married," said the child, "I shall have two husbands, one to work in the garden and get all muddy and one to keep himself tidy and sit in the house with me."

Why?

WE are sorry we cannot satisfy a correspondent who wonders why the lettering is so huge on our new stamps.

It appears to us a pointless piece of ugliness akin to the habits of the tea-house man who scrawls TEAS on his walls and windows and roofs.

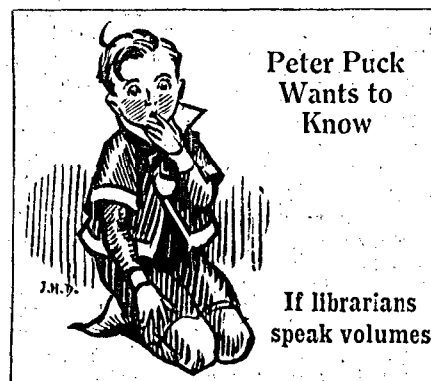
Tip-Cat

A MAN complains because his neighbour throws lumps of coal at him. He is getting hot over it.

JAM on Blackfriars Bridge, says a headline. Several car-drivers got a jar.

THE test of a thing is Will it work? declares a writer. With a gramophone it is Will it play?

STRIPES suit most people. Nobody likes to come out in spots.



WHAT is the best thing to have to remind one of the Coronation Year? asks a correspondent. A good memory.

THE modern boy doesn't like blind alley jobs. Wants to have a good address.

EVEN the best divers cannot keep under water for very long. Hope to rise in their profession.

WHY shouldn't boys take a turn in the house? asks a correspondent. They usually know how to get round their mother.

THE BROADCASTER

CN Calling the World

BANGOR has sold its war tank for £40.

THE public has subscribed more than £2,500,000 to the National Playing Fields Association.

EVERY tramp ship in South Wales is now working, earning the highest rates for eight years.

JUST AN IDEA

Goodness has never to be advertised. The man of upright character and beautiful personality proclaims his goodness in all he says and does.

Something to Do in the Evening

IT has always seemed to us a pity that our galleries and museums, meant for the people to enjoy in their leisure, are so often closed against the people when their leisure begins.

Few of us have much leisure in the day, when these places are open, and in our leisured evenings they are closed. For years it seemed to be the opinion of London that the only pleasures available in the evenings should be theatres and cinemas, but it has been gratifying to see the success of the experimental evening openings of galleries and museums.

We read now of the experimental opening of a library at Leeds, the fine new Brotherton Library of the University. It was decided to open it four evenings a week till nine o'clock, and everybody was delighted to see an average attendance of 70, which occasionally rose to over 100.

It is good news, and we hope to see the time come when all our fine institutions will be as freely open in the evening as in the day.

At the Sight of London

I NEVER shall forget the emotion which filled me at the sight of London. There she sat, the great empress of the seas, giving laws to isles and continents, stretching afar over kings and peoples, not like those of old, the rod of oppression, but the beneficent sceptre of her riches and her liberty.

I heard the hum of her vast industry, and through the streets there poured the living sea of men and vehicles.

Then by-and-by there dawned a day, a day which was not like other days; no noisy wagons now in the streets, no throngs hurrying to business; the giant machine that had been roaring and thundering the day before had suddenly stood still as if before the vision of God. I look across the ocean, and there again I find this Anglo-Saxon race clad in like grandeur under forms the most unlike. It is, I love to think, the people chosen of God to renew the face of the earth, and to prepare for those old truths and institutions which cannot pass away newer and more enduring garments.

Père Hyacinthe

Sweet Day, So Cool

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dew shall weep thy fall tonight,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows you have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber never gives,
But when the whole world turns to coal
Then chiefly lives.

George Herbert

THIS STAR WAS BORN SEVEN MILLION YEARS AGO

IN the starry constellation of Perseus, where in August a swarm of shooting stars appears, an enormous star exploded seven million years ago. Its light, a mere pin-point in the skies, has just reached the telescopes of the astronomers at Mount Wilson in California. To us a new star is born.

This great new star, the new Nova of Perseus, is a very different kind of celestial body from that of the Perseid shooting stars, which are no

bigger than lead-pencils set alight by friction with our atmosphere a hundred or so miles away. Their light reaches us in a fraction of a second after their ignition. The star in Perseus, whose light has taken seven million years to come across the depths of space, is big enough to fill all the sphere of our Solar System, from the Sun to dimly visible Pluto.

It was not as big as that seven million years ago, possibly no bigger

than our Sun, and, from what the astronomers tell us, probably less bright. No telescope on the Earth could catch the imperceptible gleam of its sunshine. But its explosion has magnified its light as well as its size, till now it would appear to any planet near enough for observation 500 million times brighter than our Sun has ever been.

This is not the first new star to appear in the constellation of Perseus. A famous one started a controversy a quarter of a century ago on how and why they came into being. More than thirty have been noted since the big telescopes examined them, and most of the number, after a bonfire blaze lasting only a few days or weeks, gradually relapse first into a duller glow and then into the appearance of a rather fuzzy nebula. One of them was known as a small bright star 17 years before it made itself famous by exploding.

The question is whether these new stars are explosions, or whether something else must be called upon to explain them. One idea was that the Nova, or new star, was born when it came into collision with another, darker star. The collision of two stars, a bright one and a dark one, has been called on to explain the birth of our own Solar System.

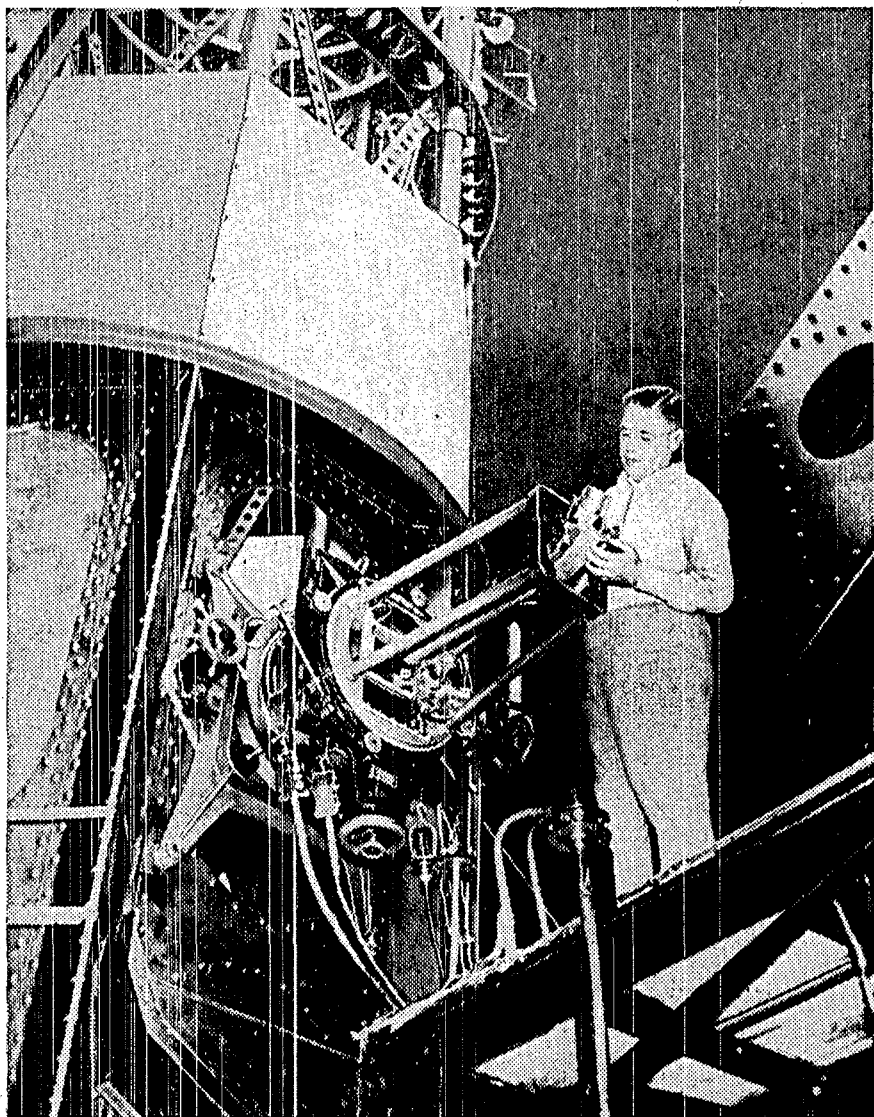
Another idea was that the bright star, which suddenly becomes so astoundingly brighter, has rushed into a dark nebula

and lighted up. The former New Star in Perseus, which set the astronomers guessing in the earlier years of this century, supported that idea. Its light spread and spread after the explosion, but spread so fast, when its vast distance was considered, that no mere explosion of matter could travel with such speed or so far. It was then said that its blaze was lighting up different portions of the nebula as the light fled away from its first source. What we were, in fact, witnessing was the journey of light.

Objections were raised to this explanation, attractive though it was. The next one is that we are witnessing, in the appearance of this New Star, a phase in the life of all stars. They start as young white stars of dazzling brightness like Sirius; they grow smaller and have a middle age like our Sun; and, sinking beyond the serene and yellow, become red stars or dark stars. But this is not a steady decline into serene old age. Before that is reached there is an upset in the balance of the star, caused by a conflict between its shrinking and its furnaces.

This results in an explosion, which gives a new life to the starry mass, and enables it to begin again, a young star arising from the ashes.

Such a crisis is what may have been reached in the New Star in Perseus seven million years ago, and if we could but live another seven million years we might see it started bravely on its second life.



Focusing a camera used in conjunction with Mount Wilson's 100-inch telescope to photograph the heavens

Great Seal of the Realm

KING GEORGE will soon be asked to approve a new design prepared by Sir William Goscombe John for the Great Seal of the Realm.

Since Edward the Confessor all the kings of England have had their Great Seals, and impressions of most of them are in the British Museum. Harold had one, and William the Conqueror's Seal is typical of all that followed. On one side of it William sits enthroned with a sword in his right hand and the Orb with the cross in his left. On the other side William is in armour with his shield and spear, on a caparisoned horse galloping.

The king on his war horse has remained as an emblem through the centuries, though when George the Fifth came to the throne he broke with tradition by having himself depicted on his first Great Seal as a uniformed Admiral on the quarter-deck of a battleship. Another Great Seal was made for him in 1930, when the older tradition was restored. When a new Seal is made the old one is defaced with formal ceremony.

They are made of two silver discs about seven inches across, together weighing about 12 pounds. The Seal was once used on all royal documents, with a great expenditure of wax. The wax impressions were generally appended to the documents by a strip of parchment or a cord through its lower edge.

Emblem of Sovereignty

The Seals are now appended only to the most important class of public documents, such as writs for summoning Parliament, treaties, and official acts of State, not more than 50 a year in all. But though customs have changed, and the Seal has diminished in size, it remains the emblem of sovereignty, and is entrusted to the Lord Chancellor as its only keeper.

Charles the Second had a new Seal made for himself after his father's death, and James the Second threw his Great Seal into the Thames at Lambeth when he fled the realm.

A curious fact about the Great Seal is that the wax impressions outlast the metal matrix in which they are formed. We have such impressions sealing documents from the time of the

Conqueror, but not the seals themselves, for when a new one is made the two halves of the old one, first having been defaced, are given to the Lord Chancellor and his predecessor in office.

The antiquity of the practice of sealing State documents in this way suffices to invest the procedure with something like sanctity, and strange history has been made by breach of the observance.

When Charles Stuart was at war with the Parliament the Lord Keeper stole away from Westminster with the Great Seal and bore it to the King at York; and such was the veneration for the Seal that the Parliament, which raised armies against the King and fought battles with him, was overwhelmed with confusion and dismay.

Rival Seals

Then was seen the strange spectacle of this warlike Parliament in session praying to heaven for guidance. Not until they had debated the matter for four days did they decide to make a Seal of their own; and not for a further three years, when the King fled from Oxford, did they regain the original Seal. But then the spell was shattered, and a blacksmith attended in the House and broke up the Seal of Charles.

Next to the Crown regalia no national possession is so jealously guarded as the Great Seal, yet many are the adventures and disasters which have pursued it. Burglars, believed to have been incited to their act by his political opponents, broke into the house of Lord Chancellor Thurlow and stole the Seal, which was never seen again. Once it was in a midnight fire, and Lord Chancellor Eldon, snatching up the box containing his precious trust, dashed out of his bedroom with it and buried it in a flower-bed. When the Seal was sought in the morning it could not be found, and during the day's search every inch of the garden was dug or prodded before it was discovered.

Round the World in a Ketch

All the adventurers are not dead. From Durban comes news of six South Africans who have set out on a voyage round the world in a small ketch with a sail and a 40 h-p engine.

Selling a Bible To a Turk

A COLPORTEUR in Turkey for the British and Foreign Bible Society says that a Turkish gentleman asked him for the Book of Job bound up separately from the rest of the Bible, because he did not want to buy 66 books to read one.

"Why do you so much want to read the Book of Job alone? Do you not believe that Christ is the Great Prophet?"

"I believe that," said the Turk.

"Then you should read the Apocalypse, which is the greatest of the books of judgment, and with it the histories of the Four Evangelists, who tell us all about the Christ to whom judgment will be committed."

"Still," said the Turk, "I don't want to buy 66 books."

"Do you believe that Moses is a prophet?"

"Yes, I believe that."

"Would you read the Pentateuch?"

The Turk supposed the five Books of Moses would be profitable and interesting reading.

"Then you should also read the Book of Joshua, because in that is the logical conclusion of all the work of Moses."

"Well," said the Turk, "I am ready to read the Book of Joshua."

"I have noticed that the Turks greatly appreciate the writings of Solomon."

"Yes," answered the Turk, "I have read the Proverbs of Solomon with delight."

"Well, the Proverbs of Solomon are in the Bible, and also two other books of Solomon, the Song of Songs, and Ecclesiastes."

The Turk smiled to find how many books he had approved of already, 15 in all.

"Well, sir, you shall have these 15 books for half-a-crown, and into the bargain you shall have the other 51 books for nothing."

Then, our colporteur continued, "If you are chiefly interested in the Book of Job you must surely be interested in the Psalms."

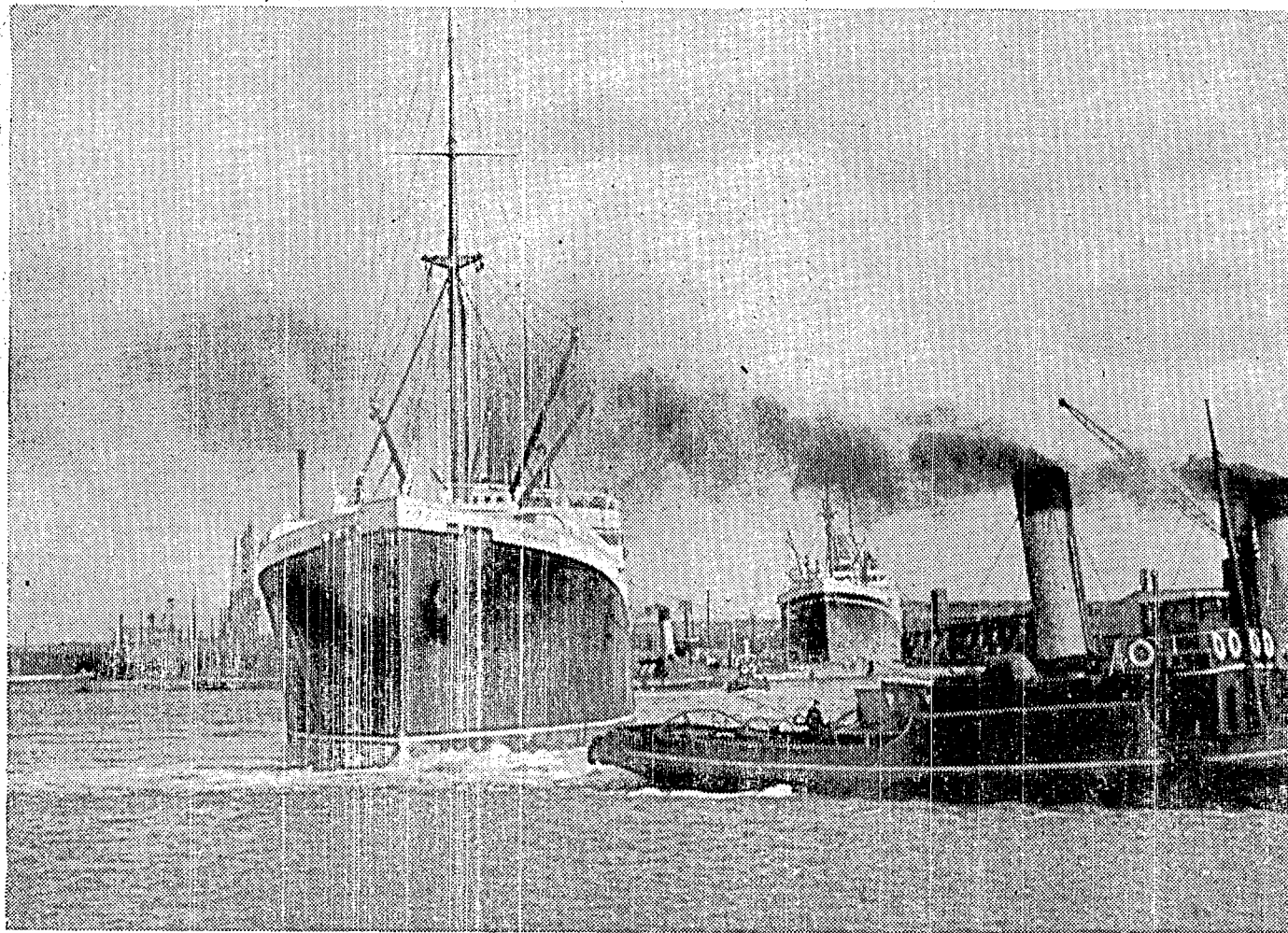
"Good," said the Turk, "then I am to read that too? Well, I will; is this David, the writer of the Psalms, the David who fought Goliath?"

"Yes, he is, and you will find the whole story in another book, the Book of Samuel."

The Turk was now very well pleased, and went off with the whole Bible.

THE PORT OF LONDON, THE CA

From every continent and every sea the ships of all nations sail bound for London. They enter by its matchless gateway—the Port of London.



From the Other Side of the Earth—A New Zealand liner arrives in Royal Albert Dock

THERE is none other like London's port in convenience or extent. Its waterway stretches from Havengore Creek in Essex to Teddington in Middlesex, 70 miles up river, and medium-sized vessels steam up as far as Chelsea and Wandsworth with cargoes of coal and timber and paper. But its proper end, or beginning, is in the Upper Pool below London Bridge. From there to Gravesend and Tilbury has been built up on both sides of the Thames a system of docks, with 45 miles of quays and covering 4500 acres of land and water.

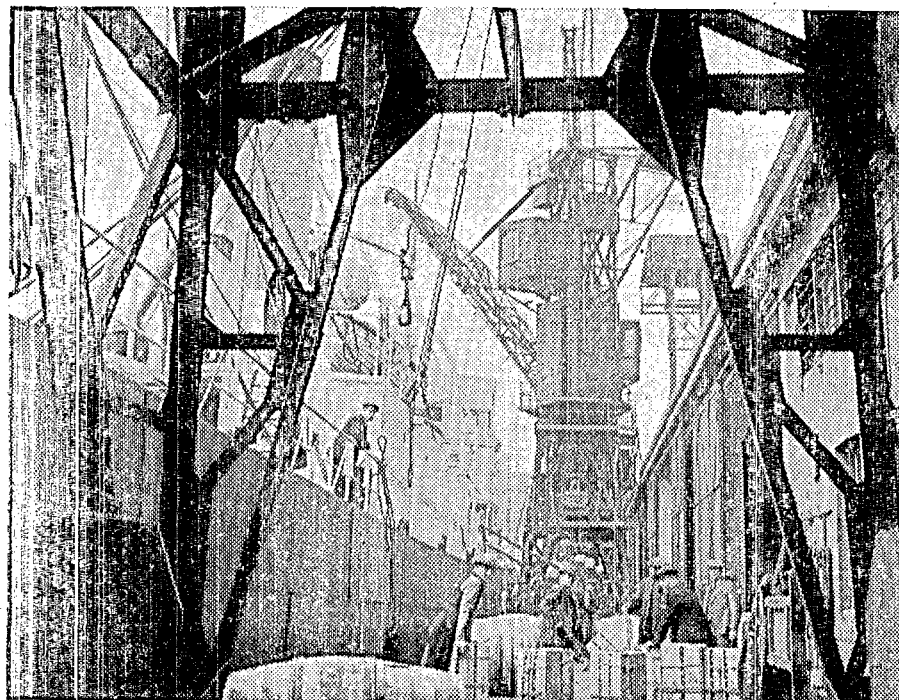
Those are the figures, conveying but a small idea of what the Port is, what it stands for, and the immensity of its business. Everything about it is on the magnificent scale. The Thames, a rivulet compared with many of the world's mighty rivers, becomes ennobled when it flows into London Pool, beneath the shadow of the Tower. It is burdened with the historic memories of the past before the Pool is reached, but there it carries on its ever broadening tide the commerce, the wealth, the industry of the present and the prospects of the future. Over 61,000 ships, with a total tonnage of 62 millions, come and go within the Port every year, and 43 million tons of merchandise are handled.

That is a heavy burden for old Father Thames to bear. He could not support it if his back were less broad, or he had no tides to help him, and those who talk of hampering his dealings with a barrage through which ships would have to struggle with the delay of locks imagine a vain thing. The Port of London could never contemplate anything which ham-

pered or delayed either the flow of the river or the flow of commerce on it, which amounts to £495,000,000 a year. That staggering sum is accumulated not only by the contributions of the merchants of London, or the purchases of the nine million Londoners, or near Londoners, who live within 25 miles of the docks, or even of the many million more in the United Kingdom who draw on the warehouses for supplies, but by its vast international trade.

It might be said of the Port of London that while one half of the world is sending goods to it the other

half is taking them from it. It is the biggest exchange and mart in the world. In the same way that London has made the Port, by building it, by supplying it with the sinews of commerce, so the Port has helped to make London what it is, the financial centre of the world. Londoners do not know their Port very well, but if and when they take a steamer along its water front, or exert themselves to thread the labyrinth of streets and byways of Dockland, they must realise that here is another London by the side of the great one, and fit to call itself London's first-born son.



The Busy Port—Giant cranes unloading cargo

Together they are the world's vastest Stores, with the largest trade on the wealthiest tideway, and with the best and cheapest contact with the Seven Seas. Small wonder that, with advantages making London chief of all the maritime places on the globe, the Port of London should be able to contemplate raising its charges this month, to find funds for raising the wages of the dockers and others of its servants. It can do so without meeting opposition from the ship-owners and traders whom the Port benefits.

The Wide Channel Kept Clear By Dredgers

SUCH is the skeleton outline of the Port, with many a detail yet to be filled in, of the work done by the Port Authority in dredging to maintain the broad approach channel from the estuary to the Pool and beyond, the £20,000,000 spent in less than twenty years, with half as much again to come, on making and improving docks and sheds and warehouses.

What the dredging has done has been to make a navigable channel 1000 feet wide and a depth of 30 feet at low water for 35 miles from the Nore, and a further channel 600 feet wide and 27 feet deep for another six miles to the Royal Albert Dock.

The meaning of this is that the largest liners, drawing up to 37 feet, can, and do, enter and use King George V Dock, about 40 miles from the Nore; that all but the bigger steamships can find entrance to the West India Dock; and ocean-going vessels, among which may be numbered the ocean tramps, can get to the Pool or discharge their cargoes in London and St Katharine's Docks by the Tower.

If the Londoner were to attempt a journey of exploration of the Port, its docks and its warehouses, he might well begin with the nearest of them close by the solemnity of the Tower and the traffic clattering over the cobbles of Tower Hill. Here, though the docks are small, was the beginning and the foundation of the Port, and here lingers its old romance.

Cargoes From Tropic Heat and Arctic Cold

IN St Katharine's Docks, on the site of the royal Church of St Katharine's-by-the-Tower, the property of the queens of England for 700 years, and in the London Docks, both centenarians, are ocean tramps and coastal vessels. They come and go not only between London and the Mediterranean, but pick up cargo from places as far apart as Valparaiso and the Arctic.

In the warehouses are the fruits of their endeavour, gathered in flame beneath the tropics or the gleam of the Northern Lights.

In the ivory warehouse are elephant tusks and walrus teeth, the tusks of extinct mammoth from Siberia and rhinoceros horn which is not ivory at all, but gummed hair, which, after coming to London, goes to China to be ground down for medicine. Ivory chessmen and ivory-backed brushes find their material in this warehouse, and, if the demand for ivory billiard balls is falling off, that in piano keys is looking up again.

PITAL'S LINK WITH THE WORLD

Then there is the wool warehouse, to which the wool comes from Adelaide or the Darling Downs, from Asia Minor, or Africa, or a dozen places more, all to be sampled and auctioned at the Wool Sales. There is a lesson in geography here as well as in the ivory warehouse, or in that for the spices, the nutmegs, cinnamon, and bark, or in others for coffee and coconuts, sugar and canned fruits, rubber and quicksilver. And in the cobwebbed vaults there is doubtful treasure which nevertheless many men prize, hoarded in barrels and defended by salaried cats. The cats are there to keep off the rats, which are nevertheless too sensible to haunt wine vaults in force; and it is calculated that every dead rat costs the dock about four shillings and sixpence.

On the other side of the river are the Surrey Commercial Docks, which handle yearly 2½ million tons of timber from Canada, the United States, the Baltic, and the White Sea, as well as cheese, bacon, and grain. They are the woodshed and one of the groceries of England. But for the larger grocery business the river must be crossed again to the West India Docks, which have rather swamped their old neighbours and rivals the East India Docks, built by the Old John Company for the trade with India and the Far East. Both were opened before Waterloo was fought, but the West India are slightly the senior, and very much the larger.

The Biggest Group of Docks in the World

To them come big ships, bringing every sort of goods from the East, including sugar, and, alas! rum to be landed at the ancient Rum Quay. Jamaica sends her bananas, Persia her dates, Portugal dates and cork, Africa wool, sisal, hemp, and hides, North America lumber and canned goods. Millwall Docks, now connected to the West India Docks, which are the depot also for the fine hard woods for furniture, take the softer woods, and are the grain merchants. The Central Granary holds 24,000 tons, sufficient to supply London for a week.

Next in order down the river are the joint Victoria and Albert and King George V Docks, which together form the largest sheet of enclosed dock water in the world, 250 acres of it, with prospects of enlargement. Some of the biggest ships make these docks their base, and as many as 50 vessels, with a tonnage of half a million altogether, line the quays at one time. Their destinations comprise all the places already named, and their cargoes are as comprehensive.

It would be hard to hit on any one commodity that they do not bring from the Near and Farthest East, from farthest North, or any farthest South that has anything to send. But what will engage the attention of any visitor most, beyond the forest of masts and funnels, the long avenues of cranes, the huge dry docks and repair buildings, will be the capacity of the enormous warehouses.

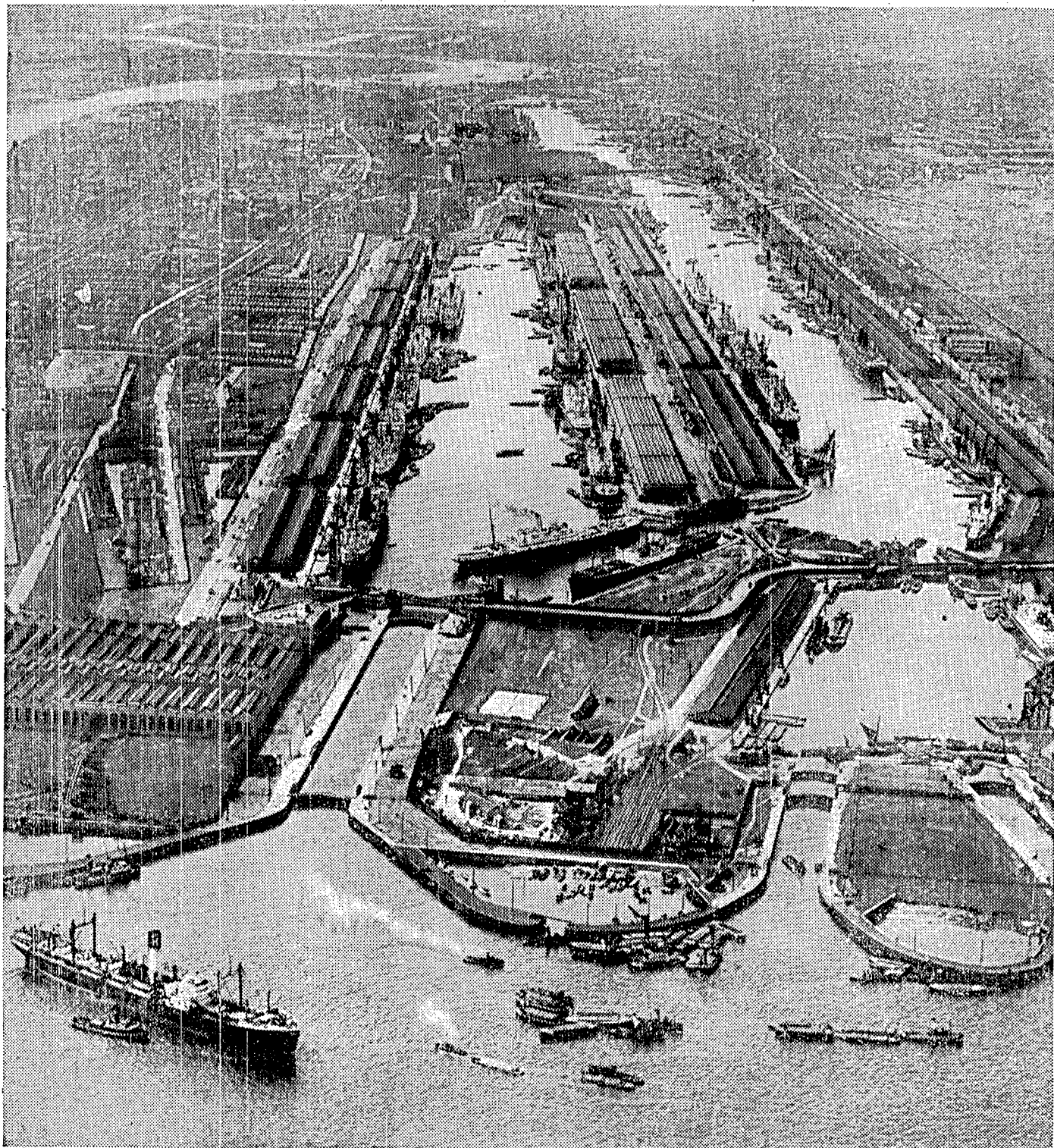
Here are London's flour mills, and here the bulk of the frozen and chilled meat which London, or the rest of England, is going to eat next week or next month. The array of carcasses in the warehouses is almost frightening.

Who is going to eat all this provender? One warehouse alone has 250,000 carcasses of mutton. By the side of them are ships from China and Japan, India and the Straits Settlements, with carpets, tea, pearl-shell, gums, tea. There is tobacco, too, in casks almost as endless as the carcasses. No less than £90,000,000 worth of the Port of London's tobacco goes up every year in smoke.

Last on the roll are the Tilbury Docks, where the big liners of the P and O, the Royal Mail, the British India, or the Orient come and go. From here we have departed for Australia, and for the Ice Barrier; and we should be hard put to it to say which is the pleasanter experience—to witness the skilful working of a big liner from the Royal Albert Docks to the tideway, her departure from the Tilbury Landing Stage, or the return along the busy Thames, threading a way between the brown-sailed barges to sight Gravesend again, and know that at Tilbury we are again home.



A passenger liner passing between rows of ships busy discharging cargo



The very heart of the world's greatest port as the airman sees it—the Victoria, Albert, and King George V Docks
This photograph by Aerofilms and that of the Royal Albert Dock are given by courtesy of the Port of London Authority

MORE AND BETTER MOTOR-CARS.

Earl's Court and the
Albert Hall

NEW IDEAS FOR EFFICIENCY
AND SAFETY

All motorists in London, and thousands from the provinces and overseas, have been visiting this week the two annual exhibitions, which surpass in interest all that have gone before.

The International Motor Exhibition is being held for the first time in the new Earl's Court. There are ten miles of gangways, and the display occupies 25,000 more feet of floor than last year. A gay scheme of banners helps the decorative scheme of the ground floor, with appropriate green for the Caravan Section, and a flag and mast design with blue banners for the Marine, though Sir Malcolm Campbell's speedboat Bluebird must be looked for in the Carriage Work Section close by.

There are some 530 exhibitors, while the value of what they are showing amounts to over £500,000, half of this being represented by the 550 motor-cars.

A Diesel-engined Car

There are more new models than ever, and the average horse-power (approximately 22) is higher. Ventilation, visibility, springing, and all other factors making for comfort have advanced, while noise has been reduced and brakes made more efficient.

Two new cars have been attracting many visitors: one the first practical Diesel-engined family car, the other a two-pedal car with gear changes electrically operated by a lever on the steering-column lever.

The Ford Motor Exhibition at the Albert Hall has brought a bit of Dagenham up to town, for a core-making machine can be seen at work. Here, too, is a special section for the I. motorist and those who should display that beginner's badge. They are shown what happens in the mechanism when they apply hand or foot; and all motorists will here be able to test their hearing, their sight, and their reaction times.

This unusual demonstration is a real contribution to safety on the road, and we think our Ministry of Transport should consider the adoption of some of these methods.

A Funny Man's Serious Idea

A humorous Canadian professor who has serious hours has made the suggestion that Britain should form a war store of five years' wheat, and that Canada should help us to do it by presenting us with a "huge annual gift of wheat."

He puts some humour into his words, which we give as an interesting contribution to the National Defence problem.

It would be a great thing if England would buy all our export crop for a few years for this purpose, a greater thing still if we gave it to them, or at least a lot of it.

We could do it as our contribution to Imperial defence. England must begin to store up wheat, flour, oil, and food. If we give them wheat it is as good as gunpowder.

The beauty of it is that it has all the Scotch virtue of being a mighty canny thing for ourselves anyway. It would mean that merry old Saskatchewan would put on so many teams and so many tractors for spring ploughing on such a big scale that they would disappear over the horizon.

Here Sleeps Florence Nightingale THE GARDEN SHE LOVED



Florence Nightingale's tomb, on the left, in the old churchyard at Wellow

A CALL for help has come from the little old church of St Margaret at Wellow in Hampshire, which has Florence Nightingale in its keeping. The church is in urgent need of repair and about £5000 is wanted to save it.

Florence Nightingale knew this village as a child, and she was here when all England rang with her praise. In one of the windows hangs a framed text which hung in her bedroom in Park Lane when she died. On it are the words, *It is I; be not afraid.* A little cross beside it in the window is made of bullets picked up in the Crimea.

St Margaret's is a small and simple church, with 13th-century walls. Its bellry is of what Gilbert White would call the dovecot type. The doorway is 700 years old, and the door has been swinging in it for many generations with a long iron hinge. The chancel is beautifully panelled with Jacobean oak from other churches, and the rector's desk is made from an ancient screen.

St Christopher and the Child

The lovely Jacobean pulpit, with a panelled stairway, has delightful paneling, and a newel post richly crowned with leaves. It has a canopy, and on it are words which must often have stirred Florence Nightingale, for they might have been chosen for her:

For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest.

As soon as we open the ancient door we are safe from harm for the day, for we have seen St Christopher carrying the Child over the river. Part of his ancient picture is still on the wall before us, and near him is something like a long golden-haired princess with a distaff in her hands. She stands here looking towards St George, who is approaching with a sword and carrying keys. Often must Florence Nightingale have looked up to these red and yellow pictures and wondered at their quaintness.

The Friend of the Villagers

She knew this place chiefly in winter, for most of her summers were spent at her Derbyshire home, Lea Hurst; but she came to know these lanes in every season, and she loved to visit the people in the cottages and to look in on the children at school. One of the cottages has a memory of her, for in it she bound up a dog's broken leg.

Her home in Embley Park is little changed since she knew it. It has fluted pillars in the hall, a spacious staircase up and down which she ran in that swift, silent way of hers, and a beautiful drawing-room where still hangs a mirror in which she would often see her earnest face. Still as lovely as when she walked in them are the avenues in the park, and the garden that gladdened her

heart would gladden any heart still. There is a letter from her sister to a friend which says:

If you would ask learned men they will tell you June at Embley is poetry ready made, and the first thing I shall do when I go to Heaven is to celebrate the pomps and beauties of the garden. It is so beautiful that you cannot fancy anything so near Eden or Fairyland. I never conceived anything so exquisite as today lying among the flowers, Flo reading and talking.

She loved the rhododendrons here, and among London's many small gardens are the matron's gardens at one or two infirmaries in which rhododendrons which Florence Nightingale sent from Embley still bloom.

In Rhododendron Time

In the 45 years she lived in London her friend Sir Harry Verney would often lure her from her room in South Street and take her for a drive, and it was always easiest to persuade her to go in rhododendron time, for she was eager to be thinking of her Hampshire garden.

Her last visit to the house she had known for 70 years was on a summer's day in 1891, and the glory of the gardens must have given her a lasting memory. She lived another 20 years and was 90 when she died, and, though the nation would have laid her in the Abbey, this remarkable woman, who had given the world a new ministry of healing, wished for no other place to sleep in than this. Her gravestone has nothing but her initials and the year of her birth and death; and there is a tablet and a print of the charming portrait of her by Lady Eastlake. It is all very simple.

A Little Russian Orphan

We have looked in vain in this churchyard for any memory of the little Russian prisoner whom Florence Nightingale brought home with her from the Crimea. He came into one of her hospitals, an orphan named Peter Grillage, and Miss Nightingale took charge of him and had him taught. The story is told that one of the nurses who was teaching him something of the Bible asked him where he would go when he died if he were a good boy; and Peter answered, "To Miss Nightingale." He grew up at Embley, the Nightingale home at Wellow, acting as a manservant in the house.

It is known that Peter married one of Florence Nightingale's maids, Temperance Hatcher, and that Miss Nightingale was greatly attached to them. They had children, to whom Miss Nightingale sent presents from time to time, and the family was remembered in her will.

But we have been unable to find any further trace of him. It would be interesting to know something of his fate.

SEVEN LEAN YEARS END Good Crops at Last

The Middle Western States of America are rejoicing over what appears to be the end of seven lean years.

After seven years of increasingly worse droughts, dust storms, grasshopper invasions, and plant diseases, all destroying crops in the great grain and farming district, these States have this year huge and profitable harvests.

All highways leading to grain market towns have this year borne streams of lorries, brimful of wheat shining in the sun like the gold it will bring its happy owner. More lorries heaped with vegetables cover the farm to market roads in great numbers.

Huge quantities of fine melons, peaches, plums, and pears have found their way thousands of miles from their orchards. Shining red apples by the thousand are now being picked and packed for shipment all over the world.

Once more farmers whose lack of crops for seven years has forced them to patch up old clothes, houses, and farm machinery, and nearly half of whom have had to get loans to carry on at all, are smiling happily as they pay off debts and buy much-needed new things.

A First Peep of London in the Morning

A Welsh nurse, arriving for her first post in London, sends the C.N. a mite for the Old War Horses Fund, and gives us this picture from her hospital window.

It was early morning. The sun was rising in a blaze of glory behind the trees of Battersea Park, turning them into gold-tipped shadows in the morning mist. The river, calm and peaceful, reflecting trees, barges, and buildings, looked like a sheet of old burnished copper. The cables of Albert Bridge, stretched between the stately towers, seemed a cobweb made by a monster spider. From the roof of the hospital the scene was like a great painting, and, coming from the rugged splendour of Wales to the hustle and noise of the city, the moment seemed to me an oasis in the midst of the daily routine, and as I turned away Wordsworth's immortal words flashed across my mind: *Earth has not anything to show more fair.*

The Jackdaw at the Door

A Bournemouth woman heard a tapping at her door one night not long ago. It was peremptory and sounded official, so she hurried to open the door, but no one could be seen.

No sooner was the door closed than the knocking was repeated. Puzzled by a rather uncanny experience, and also by the fact that the caller preferred tapping to the use of a perfectly obvious bell, the woman reopened the door.

Again no one was there, and, thinking it to be a practical joker, she was about to close the door when a loud squawk revealed a jackdaw on the step.

Without waiting for an invitation the bird hopped in and strutted about as if at home.

What Edgar Allan Poe did with his raven we are not told, but the Bournemouth woman sent the jackdaw to the local headquarters of Our Dumb Friends League, where it set to work to tell its adventures to the warden's pet parrot.

Children's Hour

While mothers attend a Sunday evening service in Victoria Hall, Sheffield, their children are cared for in a crèche. The little ones love the children's hour, when they have toys to play with, and music and singing.

THE MEETING OF MARS AND JUPITER

Four Planets in the Evening Sky

By the C N Astronomer

The planets Jupiter and Mars have for many weeks been approaching each other in the south-west sky.

This approach will be much more evident next week, and the narrowing space between them, as observed from the Earth, will end on Friday evening next, October 29, in Mars passing below Jupiter at an apparent distance away of about three times the Moon's apparent width, or a degree and a half. They will appear at their closest between five and six o'clock, after which Mars will gradually draw away to the left.

The apparent nearness of these two worlds is of course due to perspective, for actually Mars is much nearer to us than to Jupiter, being at present about 98 million miles distant from us, whereas Jupiter is about 475 million miles away; Mars is really leaving Jupiter behind



Present apparent size and aspect of Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn

and racing after the Earth, which, however, is outdistancing him, so that both Mars and Jupiter are being left behind by the Earth.

It will be seen that Mars is much less bright than Jupiter in spite of his relative nearness to us; this is due to the smallness of his disc compared with that of the giant Jupiter, as can be seen from the picture, which shows their relative sizes as seen through a telescope now. If viewed through good field-glasses on Friday next it will be possible to see Jupiter's fourth satellite, Callisto, to the right of him and at a distance of about a third of our Moon's apparent width away. Ganymede, Jupiter's third satellite, may also be seen between Callisto and the radiant Jupiter if the glasses be powerful and the night dark and clear; but though Ganymede is brighter than Callisto the apparent nearness of the brilliant planet makes it difficult to see this satellite, which never appears farther than about one-sixth of our Moon's width away.

Saturn, which is now high in the south between 9 and 10 o'clock, may be easily recognised, being the brightest object there and almost in a direct line and equidistant from the two left-hand stars of the Great Square of Pegasus. Saturn is now about 798 million miles away and also receding, his present apparent size as compared with Jupiter and Mars being shown in the picture on this page, together with the present tilt of his Rings.

Three Worlds in a Line

We have thus the three chief outer planets spread out in a line before us in the evening sky for the rest of the year. It will be seen that Mars and Saturn will gradually come together, though it will be a little over three months before they pass each other.

That other great planet Uranus, away to the north-east of Saturn in the position described in the C N of October 2, will, on November 4, be at its nearest to us for this year and 1740,500,000 miles away. Therefore we see four worlds speeding onward, each with its own average pace—Mars at some 15 miles a second, Jupiter about 8 miles, Saturn a little under 6 miles, and Uranus about 4½ miles a second. Thus it comes about that they overtake and pass one another, while the Earth, racing along at over 18 miles a second ultimately leaves them all behind. G. F. M.

LINES

Every road now has its white line. Up hill and down dale the white lines go, and in our towns and cities and at the busiest corners the white lines are meant to guide motorists.

The word line is immeasurably old, going back to the Latin and Greek, and scholars have so much to say about it that our great Oxford Dictionary devotes pages to this one word. For there are more lines than we might think.

The Plimsoll Line

School-children have sometimes to write "lines" as a punishment. We speak of lines of poetry, and we have all heard the saying, Reading between the lines. It means that we interpret what the writer implies rather than says in so many words—as the mother did who read between the lines her son wrote at school. "Dear Mother, I have enough cake to last till Saturday."

A line may be a rope or cord. There are fishing-lines and clothes-lines; the life-line attached to a life-buoy. Among other lines we find at sea are shipping lines and liners; and no vessel ever leaves port without a Plimsoll line. It was toward the end of last century that Samuel Plimsoll fought for the safety of life at sea, persuading Parliament to insist that no ship should sail so heavily loaded that the white line, known as the Plimsoll Line, should be under water, a measure which has been the means of saving thousands of lives.

Sailors call the Equator the line, and the old custom of holding a mock trial on the day a ship crosses it is still kept up.

In addition to the Equator we have lines of longitude and latitude; without them it would be hard for navigators to say where they were at sea.

The Parallels Paradox

The word is often used to suggest a continuous row. We speak of a line of traffic, a line of soldiers, and the firing line. In drawing we should get nowhere without lines. We draw straight lines and curves. We need thin lines to help us with perspective; but all the time we know that in Nature there are no lines, and that in Euclid a line has neither breadth nor depth. What are known as parallel lines may have puzzled us, for we are told they never get any nearer to each other though they meet at infinity.

There are lines in exercise books; lines on tennis courts and football fields. There are tram lines and railway lines. There are even royal lines, for we have our lines of kings.

To dark lines in a band of colour we owe nearly half our modern knowledge of the universe in which we live, for the position and grouping of the lines in the spectrum are means of detecting the composition of the stars.

It was the Psalmist who wrote that his lines had fallen in pleasant places, and Isaiah who spoke of precept upon precept, line upon line.

Dust-Free Coal is Coming

By a process of mixing about half a gallon of low-grade lubricating oil with each ton of coal a dust-free fuel at an extra cost of little more than sixpence a ton can now be assured for householders.

It has been found that the oil not only absorbs the dust on the coal as it spreads quickly over it, but retains its dust-absorbing power in the cellar. This new method will not only benefit the home, but will make the coaling of a ship a task which does not cover the workers and all the neighbourhood with grime.

ANIMAL SURPRISES

Stories For a Natural History

A strange instance of freakish elephant diet has been discovered by Sir Garrard Tyrwhitt-Drake.

One of his seven-year-old elephants, taken night and morning to bathe in the lake of its owner's zoo at Maidstone, was seen to root with its trunk at the bottom of the water and to bring up something which it crunched up with evident enjoyment.

Examination of the titbits proved them to be fresh-water mussels, with shells from four to five inches long. On his mentioning the fact to one of the Sanger family, Sir Garrard was duly informed that in their circus days they had an old elephant which, given the chance, always stole and ate the fish intended for the sea-lions.

One good tale deserving another, a second correspondent tells how his horse used to run up bills against him by snapping up and devouring haddocks from fish-stalls in the market where he used to stop.

Even stranger was the experience of Mr John Gould, a famous naturalist. Fishing one day at Loch More, he caught a salmon, concealed it in the bracken behind a bush in the meadow, and returned to his angling. Looking for his salmon at the end of the day, he found that it was missing, and the keepers suggested that a cow might have taken it. This was pooh-poohed by the naturalist, who imagined that the men themselves had stolen the salmon.

The matter being mentioned at the house, every fisherman scoffed at this explanation, and to convince Mr Gould they took a salmon from the larder and placed it in the field where the theft had been committed. To the astonishment of all who witnessed it, the cows calmly strode up to the salmon and devoured every scrap of it.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Wednesday's World History broadcast will take us back to Pompeii in the year 79, just before it was destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius.

The Story of Wool will be told on Friday in a recorded programme from farm, mill, and dockside. We shall follow the journey of wool from producer to consumer.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 What Tilt Means: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 A Song Lesson—Tones and Semi-tones: by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 11.25 The King Opens Parliament: by Frank Birch. 2.5 Rabbits and Hares: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Spenser: by Stephen Potter. 3.0 Concert Lesson—Aria form; flute: by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 The Story of Pompeii: by Rhoda Power. 2.30 Cultivation: by H. Munro Fox. 3.0 Studio Concert (Chamber Music): arranged by Herbert Wiseman. THURSDAY, 11.25 A Cargo Liner's Skipper Looks at the Near East. 2.5 The Mill and the Miller. 2.30 Keeping the Peace: by Rhoda Power.

FRIDAY, 2.5 On the Great Hunting Ground (Gran Chaco): by John Candia. 2.30 Wool for the Winter. 2.55 Talk and Ballad—Hallowe'en. 3.15 Next Week's Broadcast Music. 3.35 Shakespeare's Universe: by J. Dover Wilson.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training: by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 2.5 Insects of the Forest: by A. E. Cameron. 2.30 Cunningham Graham: by A. F. Tschiffely.

WEDNESDAY, 2.30 Armoured Animals: by A. D. Peacock. 3.0 As National.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Tune-Making: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Nature Study—Winter Feeding: by James Ritchie. 3.5 Scottish History—The Men of the Mosses: by D. M. Ketelbey.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Junior Geography—Land of Don Quixote: by Professor W. C. Atkinson. 2.55 As National.



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THE DOCTORS GO TO SCHOOL AGAIN

Keeping Them Fit

The doctors have a busy time keeping us fit. Now we hear that at Shepherd's Bush there is a school for keeping the doctors fit.

Knowledge is never at a standstill. We are always learning more, always finding better ways of doing things. This is true of healing, and our doctors are apt to be behind the times if they do not take a refresher course now and then. More and more doctors are realising this, and from every corner of the Empire qualified men are visiting Shepherd's Bush and taking a course at the British Postgraduate Medical School.

In a little over two years 1095 students have attended, all doctors who are anxious to know something of recent developments and wish to be able to put the greatest skill and newest methods at the disposal of their patients. The main idea of the school is not merely to refresh a doctor's knowledge, but to create a new outlook in medicine, giving doctors who may be out of touch an idea of the new standards aimed at in medical circles.

Competition Result

In C.N. Competition Number 36 the two best paintings were sent in by Hazel C. Johnson, Ellesmere, Stonehouse Road, Sutton Coldfield; and Barbara M. Lambert, Augill, Driver Terrace, Silsden, Keighley. A prize of ten shillings has been sent to each of these readers.

The twelve prizes of half-a-crown have been awarded to the following:

James Abel, Aberdeen; Valerie Bateman, Burham-on-Sea; Maureen E. Fray, Oldham; Freda Holt, Liverpool; Joyce Hunt, Bristol; Peter Maddocks, Birmingham; Forbes Pearson, Glasgow; J. L. Perkin, Woolwich; Frank Spicer, Cricklewood; Joyce Thomas, Dunstable; Gloria Turner, Haddleigh; Mary Worledge, Purley.

Filling the Rice Bowl

THAT the Chinese are very courteous and the heirs of a glorious philosophy is well known.

An American business man, Carl Crow, in a book called Four Hundred Million Customers, reminds us of the great tradition of Chinese business that it is abhorrent and inhuman to break a man, to deprive him of livelihood, to drive him into destitution.

An instance is given of a foreign business man in China who, on deciding to reduce his Chinese staff, found that his manager strongly objected to the discharge of the most stupid of them; he would consent only to the dismissal of the most talented! The reason was that the clever one could readily find a new job, but the stupid one could not.

This custom of respecting a man's livelihood, of not "breaking his rice bowl," is surely to be respected. It is of the very essence of the Golden Rule.

The writer illustrates the rule from his own experience. When on newspaper work he had to deal with a strike of Chinese printers, and one day a striker assaulted a newsboy. Mr Crow prosecuted the offender, who was sent to prison. The day after the trial the family of the imprisoned man called upon him for maintenance, saying that as their breadwinner had been lost to them it was the prosecutor's duty to keep their rice bowl filled. The burden was accepted and was borne for several months. In the end Mr Crow, when the strike was settled, was glad to employ a lawyer to get the striker out of prison so that he might keep the family rice bowl filled himself.

The breaking of men is too common a practice in our European civilisation. Much of our recent legislation, in setting up insurance funds, is really directed to filling the rice bowls.

BREAKING THE LONG SILENCE

Old Lead Mines to Work Again

Several of our old lead mines are being worked again, thanks to the rising price of lead.

In Derbyshire, Wales, and Scotland are disused pits where the long silence has been broken, for lead is now well worth getting, and even small quantities are valuable. It is said that Britain is using between 350,000 and 400,000 tons a year, but less than 40,000 tons are produced at home.

In Derbyshire there are about 4000 disused mines, and one at Darley Dale near Matlock is now being operated again after being closed nearly ten years. In its great days this mine alone is said to have produced nearly a third of all England's lead.

Another pit to be worked again after being abandoned is at Greensides near Ullswater, and there are others in North Wales and on the Mendip Hills.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of October 1912

The Progress of Flying. The most interesting event of the month in England was the victory of Mr S. F. Cody in the aeroplane trials carried out by the British Army, which offered £4000 for the best aeroplane under all conditions from any nation, and £1000 for the best British machine. Mr Cody had long been the laughing-stock of other airmen. He had no friends and very little money, and he worked entirely unaided. He smashed machine after machine. But he laughs best who laughs last. The Cody machine carried off both the £4000 and the £1000 prizes, and was bought by the Government for £1000. At about the same time the War Office paid Mr Cody £5000 for his man-lifting kite inventions, and the friendless man rose to fame and honour.

Rescued From the Sharks

There have been many shark stories on our own shores this autumn; here is one from our Australian correspondent.

WHILE the destroyer Waterhen was employed in naval exercises two miles off New South Wales a boat overturned as it was being lowered and 14 men were flung into the water. Before the destroyer could be stopped the men were left 400 yards behind, and those on board were horrified to see two sharks.

Able-Seaman Tyrrell lost his lifebelt, and at that moment one of his companions, Oberg, saw a shark approaching him. He gave Tyrrell his lifebelt and, seizing the calcium flare from the belt, hurled it at the shark as it ignited. The monster swam away. Able-Seaman Hibbert dived over the side of the destroyer and swam to the two men as a shout from the ship announced that the shark was coming back. Again Oberg forced it away with the flare. For a quarter of an hour the other

men in the water splashed and shouted, trying to scare the shark away, and then they were all hauled into safety on a launch, and the only injuries sustained were from the actual fall from the boat.

Even those who have never seen the evil sight of a great shark cruising sinistinely through the water, with the triangular fin showing as it turns to bare its enormous jaws, will be able to appreciate the heroism of Oberg, who gave up his lifebelt and used the flare, and of Hibbert, who deliberately plunged to what might have been his certain death.

Last Month's Weather

| LONDON | | RAINFALL | |
|-------------|-----------|------------|-----------|
| Rainfall | 2'04 ins. | Falmouth | 3'18 ins. |
| Sunshine | 153 hrs. | Gorleston | 2'63 ins. |
| Wet days | 16 | Birm'ham | 2 ins. |
| Dry days | 14 | Chester | 1'61 ins. |
| Warmest day | 7th | South'pton | 1'53 ins. |
| Wettest day | 13th | Aberdeen | 1'45 ins. |
| | | Tynemouth | 1'22 ins. |

ICE TO LABRADOR
Sending ice to Labrador sounds rather like taking coals to Newcastle, but owing to a scarcity of icebergs in Belle Isle Strait it has been necessary to obtain ice from Canada in which to pack the salmon catch.

STONE AGE VILLAGE
A Stone Age village of 5000 years ago has been excavated near Cologne and parts of the village have been taken up and reassembled and reconstructed in a museum. Many weapons and implements were found on the site.

RUSSIA'S NEW RAILWAYS
The development of Russia's natural resources has called for much railway building and 3000 miles of new lines are now being constructed in various parts. One line, for the conveyance of timber, is being laid down between Tomsk and Chulym in Western Siberia.

WINTER AT THE POLE
The Soviet scientists at the North Pole station report that with the approach of the long Arctic night they will be no longer able to give news of visibility and cloudiness in their weather reports. They have prepared their camp for winter.

FLOOD PREVENTION
Work has begun on the first of a series of dams to be built across the Ohio River to prevent disastrous floods. The first will form the Crooked Creek reservoir, and the whole scheme is to cost ten million pounds.

SAVING THE OKAPI
A sanctuary is to be formed in the Belgian Congo for the okapi, a rare animal related to the giraffe. The area in which protection is to be given is likely to be in the Epubu Forest in the Kivu district.

AIRPORT ON GALILEE
The Empire flying-boats on the route to India are to use the Sea of Galilee as a stopping-place on the section between Alexandria and Bagdad. Galilee was also used some years ago as a port of call for flying-boats.

BEFORE THE INCAS
Ninety-eight stone pillars, the ruins of a temple perhaps over a thousand years old, have been found on Mount Sachin in Peru. Inscriptions on the pillars, it is believed, may tell of a civilisation earlier than that of the Incas.

AIRMAN SAVES ELAND
Seeing a herd of eland threatened by three lions, an airman flying over country near Victoria Falls swooped low to attract the attention of the lions, and so enabled the eland to escape.

WOLFRAM IN DEMAND
The demand by steelmakers for tungsten has caused a rush to the wolfram, or tungsten ore, mining fields of Australia's Northern Territory. Hatches Creek, a few weeks ago a tiny centre of only 50 souls, has already increased fivefold.

EAGER TO LEARN
The natives of Kelantan, a backward area of British Malaya, are becoming interested in education, and in many villages they are so keen that they have helped with materials and work for the building of temporary schools.

GREENLAND
ICELAND
BRITISH ISLES
EUROPE
ASIA
AFRICA
AUSTRALIA
NEW ZEALAND

ATLANTIC OCEAN
PACIFIC OCEAN
JAPAN OCEAN
INDIA
CHINA
KELANTAN
HATCHES CREEK
WOLFRAM
WILSON

Equator—the middle line round the globe

EUROPE
BRITISH ISLES, NORTH SEA, DENMARK, SWEDEN, FINLAND, LITHUANIA, ESTONIA, LATVIA, POLAND, GERMANY, FRANCE, BELGIUM, NETHERLANDS, LUXEMBOURG, ITALY, AUSTRIA, HUNGARY, CZECHOSLOVAKIA, SLOVAKIA, ROMANIA, BULGARIA, GREECE, TURKEY, SPAIN, PORTUGAL, ALGERIA, MOROCCO, SPANISH MOROCCO, MEDITERRANEAN SEA, BLACK SEA.

THE CLOUD ON MERLE

Short Story by Bertha Leonard

CHAPTER 1 A Wild Day

INTO a house with a reputed curse upon it the Grays had arrived lock, stock, and barrel for an indefinite period.

The building of a dam had necessitated Mr Gray's residence in a part of the country which his family had acclaimed with enthusiasm as a romantic change.

That airy vision had been moderated, it is true, by the fact that no domestic help could be got in a house of Merle Abbey's sinister reputation, so that, until the advent, from a distance, of an unemployed man and his wife (who had been only too thankful to accept a post together), the Grays had had to adopt a policy of self-help.

But on their second day in residence John, the youngest, whose fleet sprinting had taken him along echoing stone passages in the old building slightly ahead of anyone else, flung open the heavy door in answer to a summons on its thunderous old knocker, and found himself face to face with a young man of hefty proportions, who snatched a tweed cap from his head as the three Gray girls came into view behind their brother.

"I'm afraid it's early to call," he began, "but we don't stand on ceremony here in the wilds. My name's Grantly, and I'm here to give you a hand if you'll let me."

"Mr Grantly!" burst out Leila, the eldest of the Gray family. "Oh, from Merle-avon, perhaps? You're our nearest neighbour, I believe."

"That's it," was his brief assurance. "I heard you could get no help in the neighbourhood, and who has a better right to offer it than a Grantly?"

As to that Leila had no idea, but she did not voice the fact. Whatever his statement, such hospitality as Merle could offer at the moment must be shown to the visitor.

"Well, anyhow, do come in, Mr Grantly," she invited. "John, run and find Mummy and Daddy."

A welcome half-hour's respite from domestic labours followed, during which Clive Grantly enlarged to a considerable extent the Grays' scanty knowledge of Merle's history.

With rapt attention they listened to his graphic recital of how, generations back, a blood feud between the Grantly family and another famed in the district had resulted in a frightful massacre of the former in the glen where Merle was situated, and the usurpation of the place by the successful fighter, one Turnour, who openly boasted that he had bribed a Grantly to betray his own people and put the abbey into his hands.

As right was entirely subject to might in those days, the few remaining members of the Grantly family had been forced to flee for their lives, one of them, a woman supposed to possess occult powers, calling down a curse upon Merle Abbey and the name of Grantly because of its betrayer, who should walk the glen o' nights till Judgment Day, she said, in never-dying remorse, above the bones of his murdered people, who had received burial there.

"So you're a descendant of the rightful owners of Merle, I take it?" Mr Gray said, during a pause in the harrowing account. "If I'm! Rough on you, I must say, that your inheritance should be filched in that abominable way."

"A positive shame!" Leila seconded warmly. "But I wonder, Mr Grantly, that some of you have not tried to get the place back again."

The rather sombre face of the young man glowed with appreciation of such sympathy, but he shook his head regretfully.

"There's the feeling that the name was disgraced, I suppose," he said. "Besides, the family has been impoverished. I, for one, farm for a living, but I can't help taking a lively interest in people plucky enough to take the place in spite of its reputation; and I hope you'll all be very happy in it," he added warmly.

Probably the hoary walls of Merle had never sheltered such a merry crowd as the Grays; probably, too, never had friendship sprung up more quickly than that which was so soon in existence between that lively family and Clive Grantly and the aunt who kept house for him.

The newcomers had arrived at Merle early in August, and, thanks to the Grantly people, had made sufficient acquaintances by the time autumn came to do a bit of entertaining. So a Hallowe'en party had been planned as affording a great deal of

fun in the wonderful old building they had grown to care for, in spite of its sinister history.

The festive evening fell on a Saturday, which made it possible for Mr Gray himself to be at home for the revelries; and he had worked as hard as anybody at getting the floor of the huge old hall well polished for the country dances which Clive Grantly had painstakingly taught his new friends, and which were to be included in the evening's frolics.

By special request the young man came with his aunt to an early tea at Merle, the Grays being anxious that the preparations should receive a final look-over from the friends experienced in countryside ways.

It had been a wild day. From the mountains mighty gusts of wind swooped down to send the trees of the glen surging with sounds like the rush and roar of the sea, scudding clouds dropping slight flurries of snow as harbingers of winter. The young Grays were charmed by this northern touch; it all seemed to them so in keeping with the mysteriousness of Hallowe'en rites.

"Where's Leila?" asked Clive, as the younger Grays descended upon him with enthusiasm.

"Oh, she was sure we shouldn't have enough candles for all the games, so she insisted on going to the village for more," volunteered Betty.

"I believe it was only an excuse for a chase out in this wind," Dot added sagely. "Leila loves stormy weather; she says it excites her."

"Has she gone alone?"

The young man's glance at the gathering gloom and wildness outside was thoughtful; he knew more of these northern storms than Leila.

"Oh, no, John is with her," Betty answered. "And they took torches, because the way through the glen is so dim even by day. They've been gone quite a while, so they'll be back any minute. Now play a bit, will you, Clive? Dot and I want to practise one or two of the new dances."

Tea was over and guests began to arrive, and in the midst of the chatter a brother and sister from the other side of the village stepped into the hall with an apology for lateness that drew everybody's attention to the time.

Clive, suddenly alert once more, heard with a sense of shock their account of a big landslide.

"Just where the glen path leads out to the loch road, blocking the road. Meg and I had a good climb to get here at all. But there'll be no need for anyone to fear passing the haunted caves at night now," the speaker added, with a laugh. "They're covered in for good and all, and it would be a clever ghost that could pass out through such a debris."

Possibly it was a mental vision of chaos conjured up by the last word that aroused general alarm.

"Leila! John! Aren't they back?"

A certain apprehension was in Mrs Gray's tone. She had entered the hall with her husband and Miss Grantly, quite expecting to find the whole party of revellers assembled.

Eyes flashed to the clock.

"Why, they've been gone ages!" quavered Betty into a kind of stricken silence. "We've all been larking about so that I'd quite forgotten they weren't back."

"Couldn't get by the obstruction, maybe, or turned back with news of it," declared Clive. "Come on, some of you others; we must go after them."

But though the young man soon had a search party out it was to meet with no success.

Leila and her young brother, they found, had duly made their purchase of candles in the village, but after that nothing could be told of their movements, and for all the sign that could be found of them they might have vanished into thin air.

CHAPTER 2 Under the Stairs

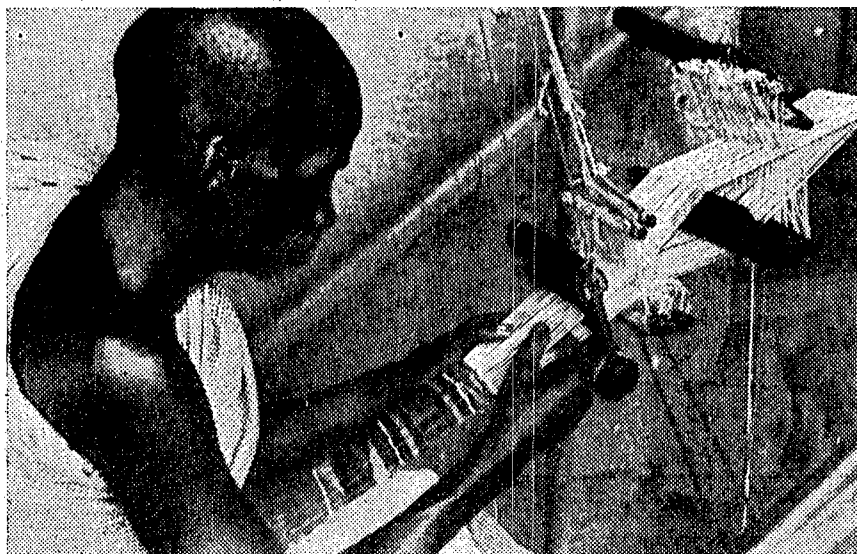
LATER on in that harassing evening Grantly made one of his periodical dashes back to Merle to see if by happy chance the missing ones had returned; but his questioning look met only a shake of the head from the anxious parents. Mr Gray had just come in from another hunt with the same hope, only to have it dashed

Continued on page 14

KOFI IN COCOA-LAND

We make: you buy

This is my grandfather. He is an expert weaver. You need not laugh at his loom for, as you see (look between his arms), he can weave very fine fabrics. I can weave a bit myself. You see, the life we live in Cocoa-land is rather like the life your ancestors lived 800 years ago, when they had to do all things by hand. We have few machines in our houses in Cocoa-land. That is why what we make *lasts*. As you know, better than I do, castles built in England 800 years ago aren't worn out yet.

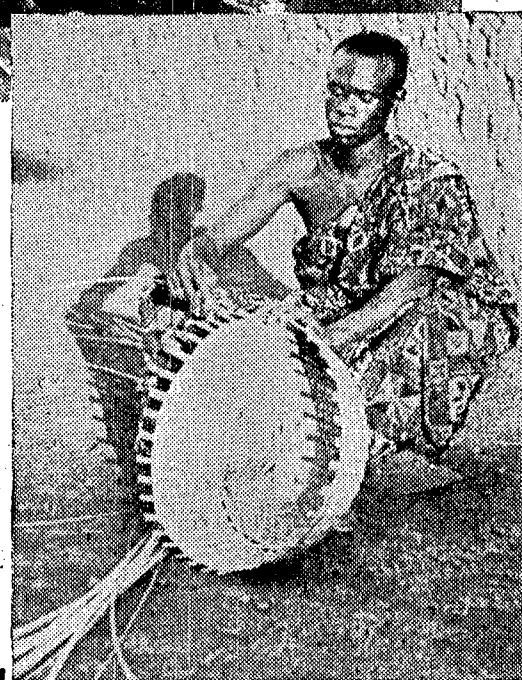


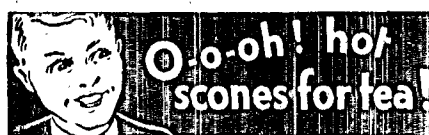
I don't suppose for a moment that the pots we make at home (that's Amba in the picture) will last eight hundred years. But they are very good pots, and as you see, made by hand. On the Gold Coast—that's Cocoa-land—the main work of most of us is tending the Cocoa trees of our little farms. But as we live a long way from town, we have to do things for ourselves. That's why we have so many arts and crafts.



The man in this picture here is making a basket, as you see. These baskets are needed by the thousand. Into them go the Cocoa pods at harvest time; and we have two harvests every year, a big one and a little one. When the beans are ready, we carry them in to the nearest Cadbury broker, who won't look at a bean that isn't what he calls up to

**CADBURY
QUALITY**





Try this Borwick's Recipe

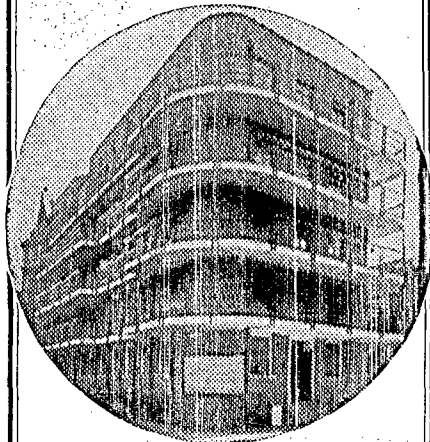
HOT FINGER SCONES — 1 lb. plain flour; Pinch salt; 2 oz. butter; 1 teaspoon Borwick's Baking Powder; 1 egg; milk; 1 tablespoon sugar.

Sift flour, baking powder, sugar, and salt into a basin. Rub in butter. Moisten with beaten egg and enough milk to make a soft dough. Roll out into a strip. Cut into fingers. Bake about 15 mins. in quick oven, on greased oven-sheet, brushing over with milk when half baked. Serve hot, split and butter.

You will earn a reputation for making perfect pastry, cakes and puddings if you follow this simple rule. Use Borwick's Baking Powder, added to plain flour, and vary the quantity of Borwick's for different recipes. This is what professional cooks and chefs always do, because they know that no other method ensures such delicious results. Try it yourself. You cannot go wrong.

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BAKING POWDER
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THE INFANTS HOSPITAL

—the first Hospital of its kind to be founded in Europe—was established in 1903 for the treatment of the diseases and disorders of nutrition. There are now 100 cots; accommodation for seven Nursing Mothers; an Out-patient Department; X-Ray; Artificial Sunlight and Massage Departments; a Research Laboratory; a Lecture Theatre; and a Milk Laboratory. The work carried on in the wards is supplemented by the Convalescent Home at Burnham, Bucks, with eighteen cots.

THE HOSPITAL IS ENTIRELY DEPENDENT UPON VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR ITS MAINTENANCE. FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

President:
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Secretary:

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL
Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1.

GOOD NEWS TO THOSE WHO HAVE WISHED FOR WAY TO WHITEN TEETH

Readers who are tired of trying new dentifrices claiming to make their teeth white overnight, will be interested in the discovery of what actually does whiten teeth—surely and safely.

A certain brand of magnesia will do this, and only one dentifrice contains it. 'Milk of Magnesia' is what whitens the tooth enamel. The new type of toothpaste, called Phillips' Dental Magnesia, contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' A few days from the time you begin to use this on your teeth they will be distinctly whiter. You won't have to imagine the improvement. Your mirror will show it plainly. Your friends will notice it. 'Milk of Magnesia' causes a certain chemistry in the mouth, and the dullest teeth brighten and whiten under it.

But that is not the main reason the dental profession is urging the use of this dentifrice. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the most effective neutralizer of destructive mouth acids yet discovered. Tartar does not even form in the mouth that is kept alkaline by constant use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It keeps the gums hard, and the gumline safe from decay. And, as we have said, the teeth as white as if they had been "bleached."

Don't be misled by toothpastes just claiming to contain magnesia; it is 'Milk of Magnesia' that removes the stains and actually whitens the worst discoloured teeth. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

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52,000 BREAKFASTS

Free, Satisfying, will be supplied this winter to hungry East-End Children, funds permitting. Remember the little ones. 3d. pays for ONE meal, 25/- for 100. How many may we entertain as your guests? R.S.V.P. to THE REV. PERCY INESON, Subt., EAST END MISSION, Central Hall, Bromley St., Commercial Rd., Stepney, E.1

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A drop on your handkerchief by day and on your pillow by night kills the germs, relieves stuffiness, prevents the spread of infection. 21 years world-wide success proves the value of Vapex.

From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-

V164 THOMAS KENFOT & CO. LTD.

Continued from page 13

But as the two men were preparing to dart out again into the wild night a loud knocking, accompanied by muffled sounds like desperate cries, stayed their steps.

Petrified for the moment, the three in the hall stood gaping over their shoulders towards the wide staircase, from where the sounds seemed to come. Then, all at once, a leap that would have done credit to a mountain goat carried Clive Grantly to the foot of it, there to lay his ear to the floor. The next moment, before the astounded gaze of his host and hostess, he began wrenching up the cheery red stair-carpet which had been so recently laid.

Fast upon that an amazing thing happened. The bottom stair shot outward, showing a long dark cavity through which a grimy John struggled, evidently helped by a desperate push from behind. Behind him followed an equally grimy Leila, who was instantly pounced upon by Clive.

"Oh!" she gasped at him. "Look in there!" And she pointed a shaking finger into the blackness of the staircase's secret way.

"No Hallowe'en experiences will ever beat John's and mine this evening for uncanniness," she told the whole party presently. "On the way back from the village we bolted into the caves for a breather till a snow flurry blew over, thinking, too, it would be a bit of fun to explore with our torches for a few minutes."

"We were some little way in when an awful thundering roar sounded, and we rushed back to find that we were prisoners. Gracious! How we kept from collapsing with horror on the spot I don't know. But John was so plucky and cheerful."

"So were you," interrupted John.

"I tried to be, anyhow," she resumed. "But, oh, it was frightful! We thought we were buried alive. However, it didn't do to sit and think, so we prowled round, trying to find some outlet. And if we hadn't by the greatest luck had our torches with us we should never have discovered what we did—a hole in the low roof of a tunnel out of which a square slab had evidently been jarred by the landslide."

"We had hardly squeezed through than we almost stopped breathing from excitement, because of something we both caught at once, the faintest sound of music. But it

was so uncanny in there that it gave us both the creeps. The shock and all the stories we had heard about the glen and Merle had got on our nerves, I suppose, so it was some time before we could decide to move towards the sound. But just as we had reached a sort of crossways in the rough passage, with holes in all directions, the sound stopped, and we just groped about, trying first one way and then another, getting too hopelessly muddled to know which way we had come.

"Oh, that creeping about like moles! It was terrible! But a worse experience was to come. John was in front, shining his torch carefully, and suddenly right in its ray was a skeleton! Ugh!" she shuddered. "The rest you know about," she finished up rather abruptly.

Her father patted her hand soothingly. It had been a gruesome job even for the men, gathering up for decent burial the mortal remains of the Grantly, who had been thought a traitor, but who had chosen a lingering death, shut in by his enemies—as evidenced by words he had carved into the woodwork of his prison—rather than betray his family.

"You'll be glad to remember, Leila, in days to come," Mr Gray said, "what your awful experience has meant for the Grantlys; the lifting of the shadow on the name. Isn't that what you feel, Clive?"

The young man got to his feet, squaring his shoulders, and there was an eager light in his eyes as he replied.

"I've got something to work hard for," he said. "When you've finished your job here, sir, and have done with Merle, perhaps you'll let me buy it back, if I can? Knowing that we hadn't a traitor in the family has made all the difference in the world to me. I feel that the curse has been lifted, if ever there was one."

Mr Gray nodded. "Thanks to a landslide," he said.

Clive Grantly looked at the girl. "I think I'd rather say thanks to Leila," he said, with a smile at her. "The way she kept her head was fine. A panicky rush might have meant broken necks for her and John."

Leila smiled back at the young man. "It was a pretty ghastly experience," she confessed, "but John and I will never regret having had it if it gives you back Merle."

"Rather not!" John backed her up. "Why, we shall feel we've made history."

JACKO DOES THINGS THOROUGHLY

ONE day Jacko opened his money-box and found to his dismay that it was empty.

"Crumbs!" he muttered. "I haven't saved a cent since the holidays." But he soon had a bright idea for earning some pennies, and was so full of it that he could hardly wait till Adolphus came home to dinner.

When Baby ventured to peep through the doorway the poor little fellow got such a splash that he went off howling.

Adolphus poked his head in later.

"You'll have to get a move on," he said. "That bike must be ready by tomorrow evening."

It was! When Adolphus came home Jacko wheeled it out with a proud grin.



Baby ventured to peep through the doorway

"I say," he began, when his brother walked in, "your push-bike's in a filthy mess. How about letting me clean it for threepence?"

"Cheaper to do it myself, thank you," retorted Adolphus. But a little later he changed his mind. "Look here," he said. "I'll make it a shilling if you'll give it a coating of enamel as well; it wants it badly enough."

"Absolutely!" beamed Jacko, and took on the job.

That afternoon he put on an old coarse apron, rolled up his sleeves, and set to work in the wood-shed. Before long his face was red with exertion—where it wasn't black with enamel.

"Here you are," he cried. "Good as new, eh?"

His brother could not stop to admire. He sprang on the machine and cycled off. "So long!" he called out. "Back about ten."

He was back long before! In half-an-hour he burst into the parlour with a face as black as the enamel.

"Whatever's the trouble?" asked his mother, in surprise. "We thought you had gone for the evening!"

"Trouble?" spluttered Adolphus, nearly choking with rage. "Why, the police, of course!" he roared. "Who else but that silly ass Jacko would have painted all over the rear-light!"

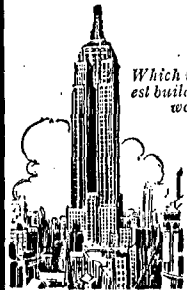
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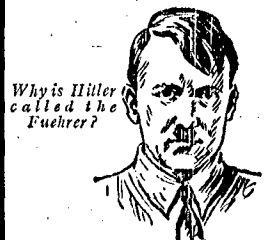
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How does this Ounce differ from a Leopard?



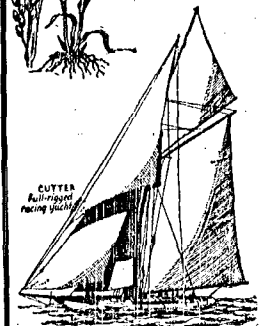
Which is the tallest building in the world?



Why is Hitler called the Fuehrer?



Which cereal is this?



How does this cutter differ from a yawl?



Is this French bagpipe older than the Scottish?

EVERYBODY'S ENQUIRE WITHIN is a book that should be in every home, in every school and library, and in every office. It is as indispensable as a dictionary and encyclopedia.

No subject in the whole range of human knowledge is left untouched in this new work. Science, industry, architecture, geography, literature, biography, commerce, natural history, and miscellaneous general information are all dealt with, and any man or woman, boy or girl, who reads EVERYBODY'S ENQUIRE WITHIN from beginning to end will have acquired a liberal education and a storehouse of facts of the greatest value in everyday life.

To look in EVERYBODY'S ENQUIRE WITHIN for out-of-the-way information and facts difficult to obtain elsewhere will become as natural as to look in the dictionary for a word or in the encyclopedia for a date. Its interest is never-ending; its value inestimable; but it can be YOURS FOR A PENNY A DAY!

There will be altogether about
1,000,000 WORDS in the book

All this immense mass of absorbingly interesting and extraordinarily useful information will be illustrated by about

9,000 PICTURES
and a splendid series of
COLOURED PLATES

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Flags of all Nations
(Given in Part 1)

All the British Wild
Berries

Aircraft Marks of all
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All the British Ferns
The Development of
the British Royal
Arms

All the Scottish Tar-
tans

British Orders of
Knighthood

All the British Sea
Anemones

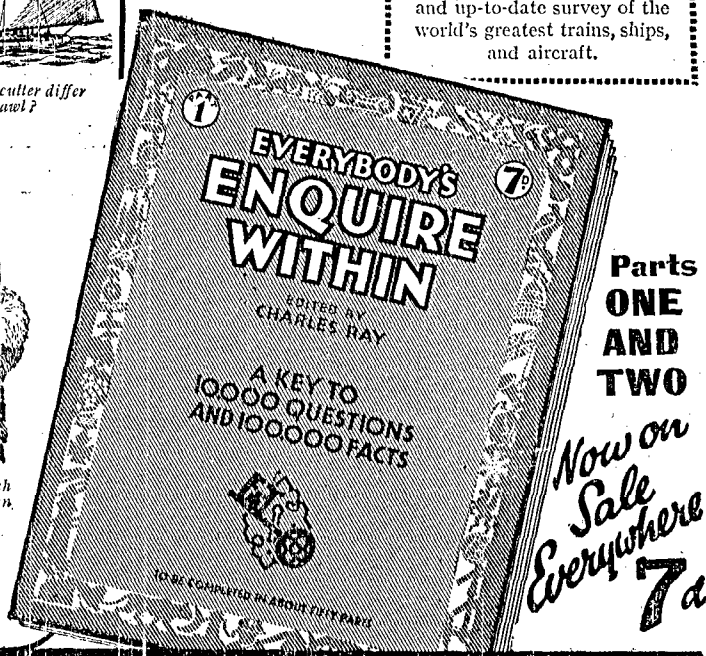
All the British Rep-
tiles

All the Standard
Types of Clouds

The Principal Tim-
bers of the World
Etc., etc.

A KEY TO
10,000 QUESTIONS
and
100,000 FACTS
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Parts
**ONE
AND
TWO**

Now on
Sale
Everywhere
7d

"My boys and girls," moaned Mrs. Brown,
"Turn every suet pudding down."
Said Mrs. Gray, "They'll never do it
If you use Atora Suet."



Mrs. Brown took her advice;

The children said

"This pudding's nice."

They now have pudding
every day

Made in the Atora way.

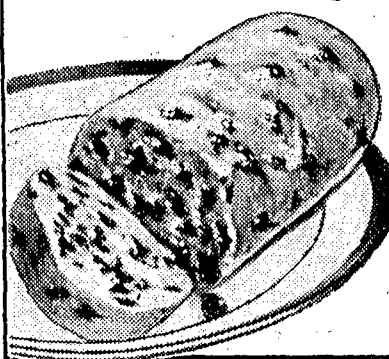


Each boy and girl is strong and bright
With a sound and
healthy appetite.



The difference with "Atora" is simply wonderful. The secret is the way in which the separate tiny shreds, completely free from fibrous tissue, blend and cook evenly throughout the pudding. No uncooked portions—no large lumps—but deliciously light and dainty down to the last succulent morsel. And all the goodness is there as well. "Atora" is genuine beef suet, with all its rich

nutriment, made up in the
most convenient form for use.



Send a postcard to-day for a post
free copy of 100 best pudding, etc.,
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N.544

Hugon's
ATORA
THE GOOD BEEF SUET

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 23, 1937

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Jumbled Ships

If the letters of each of the following phrases are placed in a different order, they will spell the names of six kinds of ships.

HE CROONS WHY ERR
ROY RESTED
DRAW MEN JIM
POETS ABED
MUSE BAI RN

Answer next week

Ici on Parle Français



Une enveloppe
Le timbre-poste
Le papier à lettres
envelope stamp paper

Puis-je avoir une enveloppe et du papier à lettres? Je voudrais écrire à papa. Oh, et aussi un timbre-poste, s'il vous plaît.

May I have an envelope, and some paper? I want to write to Daddy. Oh, and a stamp, too, please.

A Proverb Rewritten

A cat may look at a king

A HUMBLE member of the feline tribe is not by law forbidden to gaze upon the visage of the highest and most august member of the realm.

Heavy Reading

LIKE snail, in Shakespeare's words, to school, His way the schoolboy made; But school-books then, of course, were big, And pounds and pounds they weighed!

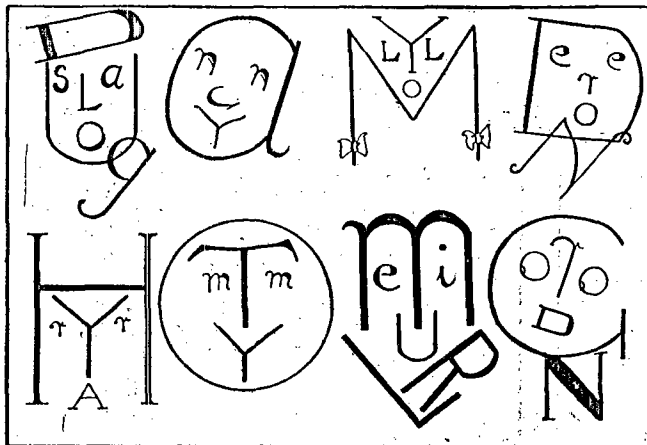
What Happened on Your Birthday

Oct. 24. Tycho Brahe died . 1601
25. Geoffrey Chaucer died . 1400
26. Gunpowder Plot revealed by an anonymous letter . 1605
27. George Morland died . 1804
28. Alfred the Great died . 901
29. Bishop Hannington killed in Africa . 1885
30. Edmund Cartwright died 1823

Difficult

THE diner called the waiter to him.
"Waiter, I can't drink this soup," he complained.
"I'm sorry, sir," replied the waiter. "I'll call the manager."
"I understand that you cannot drink your soup," observed the manager. "What is wrong with it, sir?"
"Nothing at all; but you have not given me a spoon."

Who Are These Girls and Boys?



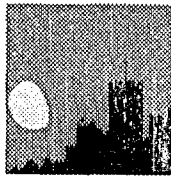
EACH of these curious faces is made up from the letters of a Christian name. Can you identify them all? Answer next week

What Word is This?

WHAT word is that which, being made shorter, becomes longer, and, when longer, is shorter than it was before? Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars and Jupiter are in the south-west, Saturn is in the south-east, and Uranus east-south-east. In the morning Venus and Mercury are in the east. The picture shows the Moon at ten o'clock on Sunday evening, October 24.



LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

What Am I? This, his, is, s
Find the Towns and Cities. Quito, Venice, Nice, Tokyo, Banbury, Bury, Eye, Cromer, Rome, Madras, Quebec, Ayr, Cork, Lyons, Ely.

Tales Before Bedtime

Belinda on Her Toes

BELINDA was not quite so tall as she would like to be. In fact, she was just an inch shorter than Marmaduke O'Hara, the boy who lived next door.

"Pooh! I'm taller than you," he would crow, as he pressed the bell-push easily while she wobbled about on her toes, trying to reach it.

One day she had an idea. If I walk about on tip-toe I shall be just as tall as Marmaduke, she thought. She tried it. Yes, she was a good inch and a half taller that way. She felt rather unsteady, but she thought, "If I practise hard it will become easier."

She started off to school walking in this fashion. Much to her delight she found it becoming easier.

"Hooray!" she thought, "I've grown taller."

Soon, however, she became aware that people were staring at her. She did look queer walking along in this stilted fashion.

"I'll walk straight for a little while," she thought.

But, alas! try as she might, she could not come down on her heels flat again.

"Dear me!" she thought, "I have really grown then."

When she came to the safety crossing the lights signalled Stop!

Belinda stopped—but she found she could not stand steadily at all, and she could not put her heels down, however she tried. She just wobbled about for a moment, and then, unable to keep her balance any longer, she pitched forward on her face. She got up as quickly as she could and hurried on, still on tip-toe.

Catching a glimpse of herself in a shop window, she had a shock. Her forehead was cut, her chin was grazed, and her nose was swelling up alarmingly.

Marmaduke was standing at the school gate, and Belinda thought he looked at her rather queerly as she came along. "I'm as tall as you now," she called out.

"Poor Belinda!" he jeered. "Walking on her toes with a bump on her nose." Then he burst out laughing.

"Oh, Belinda!" he gasped between his laughs. "If you knew how funny you look."

Belinda jumped in indignation at this. How dare he laugh at her like that! But the jump did her good, for when she came down again her heels were on the ground.

She hurried into school and bathed her face.

Strangely enough, it doesn't seem to worry her any longer that she is shorter than Marmaduke.



You can taste the Fruit in Rowntree's Gums & Pastilles



3d. and 6d. packets or sold loose 6d. 1/4 lb.

Gar. 20/5

The Mystery of the Flying Penny

ALTHOUGH this trick is easy to perform it can prove very mystifying if it is done well.

Show your audience an empty matchbox, close it, and put it on the table. Then take a penny and throw it into the air, when it disappears. Next pick up the matchbox, showing that your hands are quite empty, shake it, and something rattles inside. Open the box, and there is the penny!

Need it be said that the penny found in the box is not the one that disappeared? Well, it is not. It is another one that looks the same.

At the beginning of the trick you have this second penny inside the matchbox. The drawer part of the box is open as far as it will go without falling out altogether and the penny is

jammed between the top of the case and the top edge of the drawer. Most of the penny projects inside the case over the back of the drawer and the box can quite safely be shown empty. As you close the box you hold it with your thumb at one end and your fingers at the other so that the penny is forced in and drops into the drawer.

Making the other penny disappear probably sounds like a very difficult piece of sleight of hand. Actually it is a very easy piece of misdirection. You start by tossing the penny into the air and letting it fall on the floor. Then you apologise for failing at the first attempt, explaining that you did not put the spell on the penny quite straight and it fell off. As the penny falls you put your

foot between it and the audience. You pick the penny up and apparently throw it into the air again.

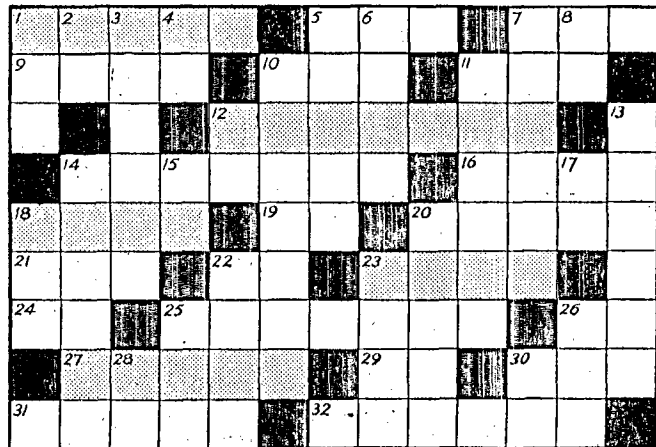
What you really do, however, is pick up the penny and slip it into your shoe, just by the heel. Then you carry your closed hand up as if it held the penny, make a throwing movement, and let your eyes follow the imaginary flight of the supposed penny. The effect to the audience is that the coin dissolved in thin air. It is most surprising, but you must act a little to make it look natural.

Pick up the box, showing your hands empty first in case someone thinks you have the penny palmed, shake the box, and the penny inside it will rattle. Open the box and let the coin drop out on to the table.

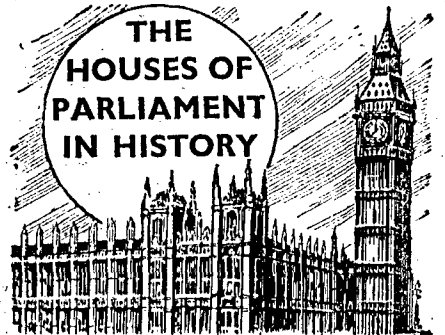
Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1. Without contents. 5. To travel through the air. 7. Perform. 9. Leather strip between sole and upper of shoe. 10. Regret. 11. Powdery residue after burning. 12. Ships. 14. Covers completely. 16. To omit. 18. To create. 19. Note in tonic solfa scale. 20. Appointments. 21. Donkey. 22. Company. 23. The greatest number. 24. Royal Institution. 25. The gathering of crops. 26. Exists. 27. Din. 29. Royal Engineers. 30. Pastry and fruit or meat. 31. To be of one mind. 32. Story published in parts.

Reading Down. 1. A sheep. 2. Myself. 3. Boards. 4. Famous motorcycle race. 5. A kind of match. 6. Fewer. 7. Help. 8. Companion of Honour. 10. To rebuild. 11. Nearly. 12. Virginia. 13. To take as granted. 14. Relieving. 15. Children's Encyclopedia. 17. Saint. 18. To spoil. 20. A problem. 22. A covering envelope. 23. A lake. 25. To run with haste. 28. To be ill. 29. Heraldic term for gold. 30. Child's name for father.

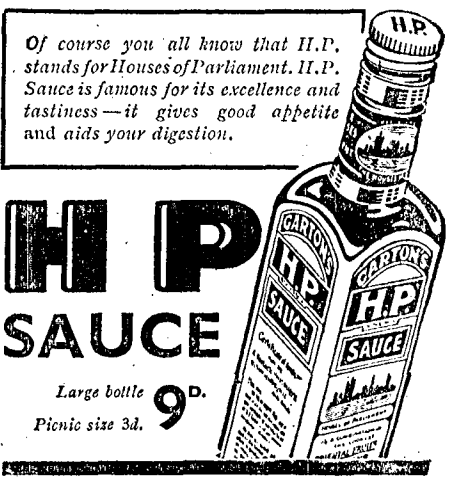


A well-known proverb is hidden in this puzzle, the words appearing in the lightly-shaded squares. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. Answer next week



3 The Woolsack

Many of the quaint customs in the Houses of Parliament date back from early times. The Woolsack is one of the oldest. As long ago as 1350, when Edward III. was King, a bale of wool always stood in the House of Lords to remind the barons that the wool trade was the staple trade in England. Nowadays the Woolsack means the Lord Chancellor's seat. It consists of a square bag of wool covered in red cloth, without back or arms.



Of course you all know that H.P. stands for Houses of Parliament. H.P. Sauce is famous for its excellence and tastiness—it gives good appetite and aids your digestion.

H.P. SAUCE

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Picnic size 3d.